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HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.—From a Photograph by Brady.—[See next Page.]

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.*

To the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas is conceded by his friends and opponents an importance in the political concerns of the United States not exceeded by that of any living statesman. His great abilities, his great successes, as well as his indomitable courage, have made him for many years a leading man in the councils of the nation, and have drawn to him the warm admiration and unflagging devotion of a vast body of the Democratic party. Though it is an accepted doctrine of the Democratic party that the nominee for President is the only choice of the party, and that, after the nomination, the nominee is the only man that ought ever have been spoken of for the office, yet Mr. Douglas has attracted to himself and to his cause thousands upon thousands who religiously believe him to be the only Democrat who has the public confidence at the North to an extent that can warrant or lead to success in the contest of 1860. This paper, however, has nothing to do with the controversies in or out of the party, as to the strength of Mr. Douglas, or of any one else, as a candidate for the Presidency. We find his name conspicuously presented to the public, and as conspicuously presented by his opponents as by any one else; and in view of the all-absorbing topic of the Charleston Convention, we propose to lay a brief statement of his history before our readers.

Mr. Douglas is a descendant of the great Scotch family of the same name. Two brothers of the name of Douglas emigrated to America at the same time; one went to Maryland, and his descendants are to be found on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and perhaps other Southwestern States; the other brother remained at New London, in Connecticut, and from this latter brother proceeded the ancestors of Stephen A. Douglas. The family of Douglas intermarried with that of Arnold—the family of the Arnold who was associated with Roger Williams in the settlement of Rhode Island, and whose son was afterward Governor of that province. Hence the name of Arnold, which was borne also by Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, the father of the statesman of the present day. Dr. Douglas was born in Rensselaer County, New York, and removed to Vermont, where he graduated at Middlebury College, studied medicine, and soon after becoming of age, entered upon a good practice as a physician. He married Miss Sarah Fisk, the daughter of a farmer, and in July, 1813, while holding Stephen in his arms, and his little daughter on his knees, died suddenly of disease of the heart.

Mr. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813, and on the day of the meeting of the Charleston Convention will have completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

His earlier days were spent with his mother and sister upon a farm—the joint property of his mother and her brother, a bachelor. Just about the time fixed upon for young Douglas to enter college, Mr. Fisk married, and the cares of a young family rendered him unable or unwilling to take upon himself the expense of giving his nephew a collegiate education. The man who has since then faced two armed mobs of abolitionists, in defense of the constitutional rights of the Southern people, was even in boyhood gifted with an energy and a will that rendered him able to cope with the most disadvantageous circumstances. Instead of repining and weeping over the bitter downfall of his expectations, he packed up such necessary clothing as he could conveniently carry, and, with his bundle on his back, left home, and on foot proceeded to the nearest town, and indentured himself as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker.

For two years he worked assiduously at this business, in which he became most proficient; but ill health and a small physical frame rendered it impossible for him to endure the severe labor which was required of him. He therefore left the shop, intending to return to it after he should have recruited his health; and in the mean time entered school at Middlebury. After he had been at school a year or more, his mother and sister both married, and removing to Canandaigua, New York, induced him to accompany them.

At Canandaigua he entered a classical academy, and also read law in the office of Mr. Hubbell. During this period he made great progress in his classical studies, and also in his legal acquirements. As an orator, even at that early day, he was noted for the force and power of his logic. He was particularly conspicuous in the discussion of political questions; was an active supporter of General Jackson; and in the contest between Marcy and Granger, was a warm friend and advocate of the former.

In June, 1833, he left Canandaigua for the Western country. He reached Cleveland, but being under twenty-one years of age, and the law requiring him to have been a resident of the State one year before admission to the bar, he accepted the position of clerk in the law office of the Hon. S. J. Andrews, with a promise of partnership in the future. A severe attack of illness, protracted for several months, however, destroyed this arrangement; and in the fall Mr. Douglas left Cleveland, in search of some eligible point where he might engage in the practice of the law. His ambition was to appear at the bar, having no doubt of his success. He proceeded by canal-boat from Cleveland to the Ohio River, and thence by steamer to Cincinnati. He was feeble in health, and with very few dollars in money. His necessities demanded immediate employment, and he canvassed Cincinnati and Louisville seeking that employment, but failed to find any.

He then left for St. Louis—an undefined impression that Illinois was to be his ultimate destination leading him on toward that region. Arrived at St. Louis, the Hon. Edward Bates, now a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, tendered Mr. Douglas the free use of his office and library until he could do better; but Mr. Douglas's necessities required employment from which he could derive a revenue, and failing to obtain such in St. Louis, he pushed on to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he arrived in December, 1833. He was equally unsuccessful at Jacksonville in finding employment; so he proceeded on foot to the town of Winchester, sixteen miles distant. He had but thirty-seven cents in money, and knew not where he was to get more. The next day he encountered a crowd on the public square, who had been gathered to attend an auction sale; the sale could not proceed for want of a clerk, and young Douglas was at once appealed to and requested to serve in that capacity. He served three days as clerk, and received six dollars for his services. He had pleased the farmers very much; he had defended Jackson and his policy with a warmth and a vigor that was unusual. He made known his necessities, and in one week a school of forty scholars, at three dollars each per quarter, was made up, and Mr. Douglas entered upon the office of schoolmaster.

In March, 1834, still lacking one month of being twenty-one years old, he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court; and with the proceeds of his school, and such small fees as he had earned in the mean time by attending cases before the Justices' Court, he purchased some law books and moved up to Jacksonville, the county seat of Morgan County, then one of the largest counties in the State.

He opened a law-office in Jacksonville, and soon was known as an ardent Democrat. General Jackson's bank policy was then the leading public topic, and upon it Democrats were divided, and the Whigs were fast gaining strength. The county, owing to the influence of the Bank and its branches, had become decidedly Whig in its politics. Douglas and some friends called a mass meeting to defend General Jackson's bank policy, and the movement was considered a most daring one. When the day arrived he alone had the courage to offer the resolutions. He did so, and advocated their adoption. He was replied to by a Mr. Lamborn, one of the ablest lawyers of the county, in a speech of much severity. It was a trying moment for Douglas. He at once met the issue. He rejoined in a speech which has become historical in Illinois. In a very short time his words of burning eloquence drove Lamborn from the Court-house, and then for an hour he held the meeting bound in admiring astonishment by his powerful defense of the President. When he had concluded his resolutions were adopted, and he was taken upon the shoulders of several large men and carried through the town in triumph. Henceforth Douglas was recognized as the leader of the Democracy in that county. At the meeting of the next Legislature he was elected State's Attorney for the first judicial circuit, over the heroic John J. Hardin, and for over a year and a half performed its duties with great success. In 1836 he proposed the Convention system for the nomination of candidates for county offices; and, though opposed, carried it into successful operation. A Democratic ticket was nominated, but such was the war made upon the Convention system that some of the candidates withdrew, and Douglas was forced to take a place on the ticket for the Legislature. He canvassed the county thoroughly, and the result was that the entire Democratic ticket, with one exception, was elected. General Hardin was elected.

Mr. Douglas took his seat in the Legislature in the winter of '36–'7, and was an active and laborious member. In April, 1837, he was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. In the fall of that year he took an active part in establishing the Convention system for the nomination of candidates for State offices, and saw it put into successful operation.

In November, 1837, he was nominated by a Democratic Convention for Congress, in the immense district extending from Jacksonville to the northern limit of the State; the election took place in August, 1838, and during that time Mr. Douglas and his opponent, Mr. Stuart, canvassed it as far as was practicable. The district had given Harrison over 3000 majority; but the official canvass accorded Stuart only *five* majority in an aggregate vote of nearly 37,000. Douglas was defrauded of several hundred votes by tricks and unjust practices. The campaign was regarded, however, as a personal triumph.

Mr. Douglas during the next two years devoted himself to a successful practice in the law, taking a prominent part in all the great cases before the Supreme Court. He undertook the great case which resulted in having the "alien vote" allowed —a vote which secured the State for Van Buren in 1840.

In 1840 he canvassed the State for Van Buren; and to his efforts has always been attributed the successful issue of that election in Illinois, one of the two Northern States where the Democratic flag was not defeated.

In January, 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. At that session of the Legislature the Supreme Court was remodeled—that is, the number of Judges was increased from four to nine; and in February Mr. Douglas was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was then less than twenty-eight years of age. He continued as Judge, performing his duties with great and acknowledged ability until June, 1843, when he was nominated for Congress. The district was a Whig one, and he was intreated to accept the nomination on the ground that he was the only Democrat who could hope to be elected. He at once, with Mr. Browning, his Whig opponent, entered upon the canvass, and they spoke daily until the election, when both were prostrated with illness. Douglas's majority was 445.

In December, 1843, he took his seat in Congress, being several months less than thirty years of age. In 1844 he was re-elected by 1700 majority, and in 1846 by over 3000 majority; but after the last election, and before the commencement of his term under it, he was elected a Senator of the United States.

One of his first speeches in Congress was the memorable one in support of the bill to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall at New Orleans. That speech was afterward declared by General Jackson to be the best and only proper vindication of his conduct on that occasion.

Mr. Douglas was an active and ardent supporter of the American title up to the line of 54° 40′ on the Oregon boundary question, and was one of the last to surrender.

He was also a supporter of the annexation of Texas; and his speeches on that question, and upon the several issues arising out of the Mexican war, form perhaps the clearest and ablest vindications of the purity and patriotism of the administration of President Polk that are to be found in the Congressional debates.

He has been always a strict supporter of the "Monroe Doctrine"—of the right and propriety of keeping the American continent free and exempt from any and all settlement or colonization, under any pretense, by any European Power. He voted against the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, because it was a partnership with England in the affairs of Central America. He voted against the treaty with Mexico, because it contained an implied pledge not to annex any more territory of that Republic. He is opposed to making any bargain or contract about annexation of territory, because he wishes the United States to be left free and untrammeled to act as their best interests may require whenever the occasion arises. If it be deemed necessary at any time to acquire Cuba, he is for having the action of the United States prompt and decisive, and not clogged by any treaty stipulations with European Powers, who by right have no concern in the affairs of the American continent.

He differs from many on the question of filibusterism. He denies the power of the United States to follow American citizens to other lands, and arrest them there, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws; the power and authority of the United States extends only to the distance of one marine league from the coast; and once beyond that, the expeditions can not be arrested by the United States. He claims for General Walker, or any other American, the privilege of expatriating himself, and of going to other lands and there taking upon himself a new allegiance.

When Mr. Douglas entered Congress, and while he was a member of the House, he voted steadily against the reception of abolition petitions; and as long as the same rule prevailed in the Senate he adhered rigidly to it.

He was from the first a firm advocate of the extension of the line of 36° 30′ to the Pacific Ocean. He proposed that line as part of the plan for the annexation of Texas, and had the gratification of seeing it adopted.

He proposed to extend the same line as a permanent settlement of the slavery question, during his whole service in the House and in the Senate up to 1850. He voted during the same period against the Wilmot Proviso on every occasion that it was offered.

In 1849–'50 the Legislature of Illinois instructed him to vote for the prohibition of slavery in the Territories; and at the memorable session of 1850 he voted in accordance with these instructions—protesting, however, that the votes were not his, but were the votes of those who had instructed him.

He reported, at that session, the bills for the admission of California, for the establishment of territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico, and for the adjustment of the Texas boundary, in almost the exact terms in which they subsequently passed. Mr. Clay attached Douglas's bills together and reported them as the "Omnibus." Upon the failure of the Omnibus Bill the separate bills of Mr. Douglas were taken up and passed.

He supported the Fugitive Slave Act, and a few months after its passage met an armed mob in Chicago, and defended that act so effectively that the Common Council immediately repealed certain nullification resolutions they had previously adopted.

In 1854 he proposed the Kansas-Nebraska Act repealing the Missouri restriction upon slavery north of 36° 30′, on the ground that Congress in 1850 had declared that thenceforth the question of Slavery in the Territories should be left exclusively to the determination of the people settled therein. He carried this measure through Congress in the face of an opposition more fierce and determined than was ever before arrayed against any measure. He was assailed throughout the North by every description of indignity. When he reached home in August he found that measure in even worse favor than he found the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850. He announced his intention to defend it. At the meeting he was met by another armed mob, who, fearing the power of his argument, refused to let him be heard. For three hours he stood up before that mob and defended the South and her statesmen, defended the President, and defended the repeal of the Missouri restriction. But little that he said was allowed to be heard. He was groaned, hissed, and by all the means that a mob can find to insult the object of their hatred he was insulted and assailed. He was not conquered, though he was denied the privilege of being heard.

In spite of all these demonstrations, in spite of a thorough union of the Know-Nothings and Republicans, Illinois in 1854 elected a Democratic State ticket and her five Democratic members of Congress.

In 1856 Mr. Douglas took the stump in behalf of Mr. Buchanan and the Cincinnati platform, and succeeded in securing the vote of Illinois for the Cincinnati nominees.

In 1857 the unfortunate Lecompton controversy arose. Mr. Douglas thought that, under a strict adherence to Democratic faith, Congress ought not to accept a Constitution unless it was the act of the people. The President thought differently. The Lecompton controversy then arose, and individuals supposed to be rival candidates for the Presidency, instead of reconciling the difficulty, sought to widen the breach. In the final settlement of the controversy Mr. Douglas acquiesced, but his enemies sought his destruction. They opposed his re-election in 1858; but after one of the most eventful political contests in the Union, Mr. Douglas carried the State Legislature, and in January 1859 was re-elected to the Senate.

The above is a hurried sketch of the public life of Mr. Douglas. It is a mere outline of his political acts. His name is prominently before the country as a candidate for the nomination by the Charleston Convention; and the multitudes at the North who call themselves his friends are sanguine that the Convention will select a candidate whose nomination will of itself be the certain precursor of victory. Such a candidate they claim Mr. Douglas to be.

* The Life of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, 500 pages 12mo, by J. W. Sheahan, Esq., editor of the Chicago *Times*, has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 21, 1860.

THE APPROACHING CONVENTION.

THE topic of the day is the Convention which is to meet at Charleston on 23d for the purpose of selecting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and we accordingly devote most of our available space to illustrating the place where the Convention will be held, and the men who are likely to figure as candidates.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 eleven portraits of prominent candidates, representing every faction of the Democracy from Douglas and Pierce to Slidell and Davis. Which of all these, if any of them, will obtain the nomination no man can tell. A few months ago the chances of Senator Douglas were very brilliant; they have, however, been impaired by the undisguised hostility of the Southern leaders of the Democracy. Between him and them there is a gulf set on the question of territorial sovereignty; and as they will have the settlement of the platform, it seems hardly possible that they can frame it so that he can stand upon it. Furthermore, the law of political parties is clearly opposed to the preferment of individuals who have bolted from the party on questions of such magnitude as the Lecompton affair. For these reasons, while Douglas is manifestly the candidate under whose banner the Democracy would be surest of success, there is a strong probability that he will be passed over, and the nomination given to some one who shall sympathize cordially with the views of the Southern masses on the subject of slavery in the territories.

Whether that man will be Breckinridge, or Guthrie, or Hunter, or Jo Lane, or Houston, or any of the other leaders whose portraits we now publish, no one can venture to predict. It is pretty clear that, if an ultra-Southern man be nominated, Mr. Seward will be the Chicago nominee, and will run very strongly indeed. Indications are not wanting of Republican tickets in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Delaware. There are in all these States old Whigs who might not be disinclined to support a Republican nominee running on a plausible conservative platform. Even in Virginia there are leading men whose adhesion to Seward is said to have been privately promised, in the event that his platform shall disclaim hostility to slavery where it exists at present.

These considerations will have their weight with the Charleston Convention. The business of politics is, after all, a very practical affair; so grave a matter as a Presidential nomination, involving the government of the country and the disposal of $50,000,000 a year of patronage for four years, is not to be settled on grounds of mere feeling, or fancy, or prejudice, or rhetoric. The members of the Charleston Convention must, before they make a choice, calmly weigh the consequences of defeat. They must inquire, before they stake their fortunes upon the prospects of a personal favorite, how the party will stand in 1864, if by hazard the intervening years should have witnessed a successful Republican administration, and an acquiescence in Republican supremacy by the rank and file of the Southern people.

Of course there is no lack of people who declare that the election of a Republican will be the signal for the dismemberment of the Confederacy. But this, again, is much easier said than done. With the remembrance of the John Brown raid fresh in our minds, and the evidences around us of the lively sympathy expressed for him by many Northern people, one can readily understand the feeling which may prompt many Southerners to seek refuge in secession; and it is by no means certain that it may not have to come to this at last. But if it does, the operation will be costly, painful, and, at least for the time, destructive and disastrous. Democrats who contemplate secession as a last resource should calmly weigh the cost of such a step, on the one hand, and on the other, the inconvenience of selecting a candidate who may not be their first choice, their especial favorite; then strike a balance between the two and act accordingly.

It was Macaulay, we believe, who first said that politics was the science of expedients, and that theories were all nonsense. There is

enough practical common sense in the dictum to entitle it to careful consideration at the hands of the Southern delegates to Charleston.

THE LOUNGER.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.

The twenty-fifth exhibition is open. The pictures bloom with the flowers, and spring, which opens the door to so much, opens none to the picture-makers and lovers more attractive than that in Tenth Street. To be sure, when it is opened, the result is not always in keeping with the expectation. The rooms of the Academy are neither spacious nor splendid; but then we go to see pictures, not rooms.

The opening night brought the usual gay throng. There was a time when speeches were made and punch flowed freely upon such an occasion; but it is gone now, and a better, cleaner, comelier festival is the result. It is quite worth while to attend an opening night, were it only to discover how many distinguished people there are in New York—how many that we are all glad to look at as having done something—or left it undone. They laugh at us for the facility with which we Americans make great men. But we ought to produce them much more copiously than any country in the world, and you have only to go to an opening night to see if we do not do our duty.

Several of the familiar names are absent this year. Gray and Hicks and Kensett and Rossiter and Church are among those who do not exhibit. But Huntington, Gignoux, Elliott, Stone, Baker, Durand, Gifford, Hubbard, the Harts, Gay (of Boston), Staigg, Epainger, the Browns, Cafferty, Casilear, Wenzler, Cropsey, Lang, Hall, Carpenter, Eastman Johnson, M'Entee, Mignot, Shattuck, and the Thompsons are names familiar, and always welcome.

The exhibition is a good one; the artists themselves seeming to consider it not very remarkable. There is, indeed, no one work which instantly supersedes all the rest in attraction and importance; but there are many which are very carefully and thoughtfully elaborated—the poor portraits have been very generally suppressed—and there is a pleasant variety of subject. But an exhibition is a mine. It requires exploration, and to-day a Lounger can only speak of a general impression.

Upon entering the visitor is saluted by crayon heads of Longfellow (22) and Whittier (21); but neither fairly represent the poets. There is a benign sweetness mingled with the Quaker severity of Whittier's head, which is not found in this drawing; and Longfellow's genial, fastidious, piercing eye is wanting. The Boston artist, Joseph Ames (25), is an excellent likeness. Staigg has a portrait of a lady (271), which is remarkable for its conscientious care and fidelity. He has not been afraid to paint hands for hands, nor a face with wrinkles. It is an admirable work, in the best style of portraiture, and the more striking as coming from a painter whose studies hitherto have lain among miniature heads. Near by hangs one of Elliott's triumphs (219). It is a portrait full of individual character, and consequently a capital likeness. In this latter point the touch of Elliott seems to be quite unerring.

No. 224 is Florence at Sunset, from the San Miniato Hill, by George L. Brown. It is put over the door. Some pictures must be put over the door, probably, but a Lounger must needs bewail the fate of the painter. Seen from below, the aërial perspective in the picture appears to be very well done; and there is a broken splendor in the clouds, the reflections in the water, the towers and domes of the city, and the gleaming mountain sides which many a traveler will remember. On the other hand, seen, at least, from below, the picture seems to be somewhat superficial. There is a want of depth in the splendor. But, good or bad, the picture charms the eye—or is it only the memory?

Mr. Gignoux, whose exquisite picture of Niagara by Moonlight our readers will remember was engraved in this paper, contributes but one work to this exhibition—"Morning in May" (256). A cloud of apple-blossoms whitens the scene until it becomes a poetic reproduction of the winter-pieces for which Gignoux is so noted, and the bright, sweet, fresh picture perfumes the air. It has the same breadth and care which distinguish all his works. But why should that admirable painter, Mr. Gifford, with so sensitive an eye, with so delicate a touch, with so felicitous a fancy—why should he steep every scene he paints in that vague, shimmering, sandy hue, until the spectator believes that he sees only a mirage, and not the fair, substantial reality of earth and sky and sea? His pictures are so tender in sentiment, and he has evidently such a sufficient talent, that he surely does not need to cultivate so marked a mannerism. It is akin to the mistake of some of our younger poets, who think they can not write poetry without using certain luscious words and pulpy phrases. If they can not do it without that habit, they certainly can not with it. Gifford's "Coming Rain" (407) is delightful. The moist coolness of the shower breathes out of the picture. How delicious to see in a hot summer morning!

Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Mating" (465) is exquisite. In the fineness of his handling and confidence in the expression of details, Mr. Johnson recalls Stuart Newton. Like him, too, he has really poetic perceptions. Would the Lounger do wrong to call him the "champion" both of this exhibition and of the one last year?

Certainly he will not do so until greater familiarity with the pictures justifies his doing so. And all this talk about pictures is such poor stuff! What is it that we see in them? One man sees months of struggle, yearning, doubt, exultation, despair—he sees the crowded chapter of a life—and his neighbor sees some execrable mountains, and heads of men and women that seem to him carved from turnips.

"A picture is a picture," says Jones. "You can't make any thing else of it."

Yes; but when Keats looks at it, and tastes nectar, and sees Arcadia; and Jobbett looks, and sees only a poor sketch of a hill pasture—shall the painter have the credit of Arcadia or of the pasture?

L. N.

It is interesting to observe how surely Louis Napoleon accomplishes what he wishes—how firmly he seems to hold Europe in his hand, and yet how entirely incredulous every body is, even in France, of the permanence of his dynasty. He can do every thing, says common opinion, but seat himself upon his own throne.

But the explanation of one of these facts simplifies the other. A survey of Louis Napoleon's whole career shows clearly that in ascending to power he did not bring with him the outworn traditions of an older day. He distinctly recognized the one great truth which kings, especially hereditary kings, are never permitted to see, that human civilization and progress are synonymous terms, and that the tendency of all social progress is to individual independence. The king, who formerly ruled by the grace of God (as he said) and in spite of the people, now rules by their favor. That is to say, the historical development of the race, in the more civilized countries of Europe, has reached the point at which the popular sovereignty must, to some degree and for the first time, be recognized.

In semi-barbarous countries, like Russia and Austria, where the feudal system lingers in a more vital form than in the west of Europe, the people, as a political power, are still unknown. Russia, more homogeneous and powerful than its neighbor, crouches intrenched in its old traditions; but Austria, more exposed to the attrition of civilization, is ruled by a government which willfully holds to the past, and will consequently ruin the empire. Austria is a modern and more foolish Canute, who sits upon the shore and with threatening sceptre commands the waves to retreat. But the waves obey celestial laws, and he is doomed to destruction.

In all his policy Louis Napoleon seems to have followed the lead of the popular instinct, and to have relied upon it. Fully informed of the state of feeling in Italy, and of the kind of action to be counted upon, he has moved steadily forward, expelling Austria from Lombardy and warning the Pope out of the Legations; then appealing to the popular wishes in the matter of union with Piedmont, while he absorbs Savoy with hardly a "By your leave."

The net result of the Napoleonic game in Europe, thus far, is the humiliation of Austria toward the position of a secondary state; the erection of Italy into a first-rate power, firmly allied to France; and the aggrandizement of the French territory by Savoy and the command of the Alpine passes. All this is doubtless satisfactory to the great multitude of the people interested. It is, in fact, an execution of their wishes. If you add to this a farther yielding to the progress of political philosophy in his free-trade policy at home and cordial alliance with England, you have described such changes and results as no other monarch in Europe since Bonaparte and Frederick the Great could have effected, and a political insight quite as profound as theirs, whatever the military skill may be.

Why, then, is the tenure of his dynasty so uncertain? Simply because the cardinal fact which he recognizes, the necessary consultation of the popular will, puts all permanent political relations in doubt. An emperor in France must henceforth rule by popular favor—for although he might control the army, he could only maintain a fight with it; he could not altogether suppress the people, from which the army itself is periodically recruited.

It would save a deal of trouble, probably, if kings and emperors, like popes, were held to be, *ex officio*, childless. In our system we find it of doubtful expediency to tolerate a second Presidential term. But a married king is scheming for an incalculable series of terms.

MELANCHOLY TRUTHS.

The Lounger receives a great many letters full of all kinds of inquiry about the prospects and rewards of literary labor. He has always the same reply to make; and although to offer statistics to an ardent young writer hungry for fame is certainly to give a stone where bread was asked for, yet the following facts are so curious and useful that the Lounger advises every literary aspirant to do what he has done—cut them out:

"Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the 17th century. Men have been writing books these 3000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Mrs. M. A. K. The verses are declined, with many thanks from the Lounger for the kind words and the pretty ballads and music. Since you think him "*very candid*," he will justify your opinion by saying that he can not discern much poetical promise, although plenty of good feeling, in the lines.

—A. "A Prayer" is very good, if you will work it out more carefully. But you must not dispense with articles. Why do you say "at sunset hour?" Do you say "at home of my father?" If the metre requires a certain number of feet, take care that they are whole feet. Don't pull off even the smallest toe.

—Don. A letter addressed "Charles Reade, Author, London, England," will reach him. The English Post-office is one of the most perfectly methodized and efficient institutions in the world. The United States P. O. is not.

—"Guy Livingstone" and "The Sword and Gown" were written by an English barrister by the name of Laurence.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

No. III.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

Washingtun Metropolis, *April* 11, 1860.

Dear Uncle Jack,—It's busy times here, I tell yeou, and I and the President's got our hands chock full of buisyness. Aunt Nabby used tew say that "a man's work from sun tu sun—a woman's work ain't never done;" but she hadn't never bin here tew Washingtun, and seen what a President has tew do. Fust there's the Charleston buisyness tew be looked arter, of which more anon—then there's the offis-seekers, a pesterin' on him like green-head flies on a hoss in the salt-medders—then there's wimmen that's got claims or sons tew be made West-pinters of—and last, but by no means leste, there's them pesky Representertivves a pryin' and a peekin' round, jist like Joe Hiss when the Massachusitts Gineral Court gin him leve tew go tu the Roxberry Nunnery.

Now that air Know Nawthin' Committee looked terrible sort o' wamble-cropt when they didn't find nawthin' but durty close, and I guess that these ere peekin' committees wun't make much eout of Old Buck. I s'pose the Dimocrats have razed sum chink, and pade for banners, music, handbils, and speechifiurs, but who hain't? As Mr. Buchanan sed t'other day, ses he, "Let the pollytishuner that is unguilty throw stones at me fust."

Ses I, "If they du, jist let me catch 'em and thro' 'em back—fur tew can play tew any game."

"True," ses he.

It's sort o' wurryin', tho', tew the old gent, tew have these things chucked at him now, jist as yu, Uncle Jack, woodn't like tew have your opperashuns agin the Nullyfiers in '32 brot up, and 'vestergated. Nobody never kno'ed who pade the bills of Sargent Joel when he brot the "Independunt Downinvil Cadets" on hear to keep Mr. Calhoon's folks quiet. And if they did all git land warrants, jist as if they'd fit in sum sure enuff war, whose forlt wos it? The fact on't is, that nun on yu pollytishuners air tew consarn'd honest, and it's pull Dick pull Harry which side is the wurst. If Mistur Koveowed wud jist look inter our Mane duin's here, and raik up all the lobbyin' that got our war-klaim past, I kinder guess way deown in my butes that he'd think the New York tavern warn't the only plais whar truck and dicher's bin a goin' on.

Now fur Charlstun, tew which plais this citty seems tew be on the way from all pints of the cumpass. And Stackpole and I, we're a committy of three tew wate on these Dellergates when we se there names on the tavern books, and take 'em rite tew the White House. The Dellergates we takes rite up inter Mr. Buchannan's offis, and goes in without knockin'—the Substertutes we takes inter the private Secreterry's room—the Editurs I takes kere on—and the Ex-Memburs of Congress, that are a looking out arter offis, we takes tew the *Constertushun* printin'-offis, where Gineral Bowman tells 'em how much he saved the kuntry when he fixed the printin' so that noboddy but him can make a cent eout on't.

Then we puts in, I tell yeou, 'cordin tew the man. We hunts fur Hunter, we goes it fur Guthrie, or we lets in fur Lane, or we brakes ground fur Breckinridge, or we does sumthin' fur Davis, 'cordin tew our custummer. But we deon't say no good word for Douglas. He ain't in eour books; but I tell yeou, Uncle Jack, I deon't beleve he cares a pistareen.

Sumheou, tew, these folks that listen tew us, and sort o' tork abeout different pollytishuners, are seen arterwards a comin' deoun stares from over Mr. Gilmun's shottecarry-pop, close tew Brown's Hotel, which is the hed quartters ov the Littel Gyunt, as they calls him. The've got all sorts of lives on him, and picturs, and plastur ov Parris immertashurs jist as nat'ral as life, and a side-bord in a corner cupbord free-gratis. And hire-up there's lots of fellers a directin' doccurments tew go all reound. All this we kno' all abeout tu the White House, but we'll hed it off, tho' frankly I sort o' feel we'd better hav Duglas arter all, for he's a masterly smart kind o' feller, I tell yeou. Mister Buchanan ses he'll have a sort o' complimentery majority, but he can't rech the $\frac{2}{3}$ vote.

Thair ain't, howsumever, no noin who'l be Guvner till arter 'lecshun, and yeou needn't be flamburgasted to here that Duglas's short but stubbed legs has carried him ahed, or that they has picked eout sum new man, who hain't never dun nawthin', deon't know nawthin', and wa'n't a No-Knawthin', but takes his tod like a konservytiv old Wig. If sich a fellur can be skar'd up, he's bound tew win.

T'uther side's a watchin' sharp, I tell yeou. An', deon't yeou think, Mr. Sewerd bid me tew dine with him t'other day, an' I went, wearin' wun of Mr. Buchanan's white cravats, which Miss Lane tide in the puttyest little not, makin' me look like a minnistur.

Mr. Sewerd's a pert, wiry little man, with gray hare an' a big noes, and a sleepy David sort o' look, but he keeps up a terribul thinkin'. He gose in fur bein' poplar, and sure as I'm born there tew his table was Parson Lovejoy and Guvvenur MaKra, and others of the very fellers that kicked up such a dust up tew Congress a few days afore. I guess deown tew Downinvill yeou thort they was a goin' to fite! 'Twant so! Only make believe, like the sham fites tew ginral trainin', and here they wos, a drinkin', and a jokin', jist like the District 'turney and Squire Fessenden after jawin' afore a jury jist as if tha'd eat each other up. Sewerd seemed to try tew keep 'em all good-natured, but he was sort o' unnattural, and folks sa his chance's sort o' small. Guess it's so!

Sum goes in for old Judge Maclane, who's mighty near the steppin'-eout pint, but they want Pitt Fessender for Vice, and a great Vice he'd be, for he's masterly smart, I tell yu. A fu fellers are a hollerin' for Banks, but the Pennsylvania Dutchmen eout West wunt listen tu no dark-lanturn tork. "Sam" wos a good-harted fellur, but folks who seed him can't shine, and Banks hain't got no shadder of a sho'.

Wa'al, I kinder guess I've told yu all abeout this here spraddled eout villig, which has grown masterly since yu was here in old Hickory's time. Folks remember yu tew, they du; and if Hannah Hale only knew heow the gals have made up tew me, she'd have her new musselin-de-wot-ye-call-it dyed black, and go inter mournin'. But I'm true as steal, and keep my eyes shot tew temptashun, jist winkin' wun of 'em a little tu see wot's a goin' on.

Tu-day, tho', I'm a goin' tew pull up staikes, and go ahead "on the way to Charlestun." Yu see, yesterday ses Mr. Buchanan, ses he:

"Benjie!"

I new he wos good-natured, cos if he hadn't a bin he'd a sed Mister Downing.

"Sir?" ses I.

Ses he: "I want tu kno' jist heow Hunter stands tew hum, and to kno' whether Old Virginny-'ll go for him, Wise, or other-wise."

Ses I: "I'm off!"

Ses he: "Stop. Thare's going to be a big cellebrashun thare, and a cumperny means tew go from hear, and I'll have yu invited."

Sew he sends his perlite little man (who bothers me to hear him spout peices e'enermost tew deth), and up comes an invite to Corporol Benj. Downing, 3d, to akhumperny the National Rifles tew Richmond, writ on guilt-adge papur, and seled with red wax.

"Thunder!" ses I.

"Wot on airth's the matter?" ses Mr. Buchanan.

"I hain't go no uniform," ses I, feeling bad enuff to boo-hoo right eout in meetin'.

"We'll fix that," ses he. So he sent fur a cote he used to ware tew Court in London, and a sword, and the Irisher went and bought a yard of red cottun velvet, and Miss Lane, and a nice gal a stain' with her from Philadelfy, sewed it on, and I was fixed eout, I tell yeou. Why the picturs of fellers tew Italy, in Mr. Harper's paper, a fiterin' under Lewis Napoleons, Esq., wa'n't nauthin' tew compare to me.

This arternoon the cumperny's a cumin' tew escort me, and wun't I cut a dash! So my next letter 'll be from Richmond, and I'll tell yu all abeout that air kuntry of tobaccy plants and fust famerleys. Tell Sarah Hale that I'm true till deth, and I remane, as the perlite little old chap writes fur the President tew sign, Sir, with sentyments of esteem, and high konsideration,

Verry restpectfully, your obedient nephew,

Benjamin Downing, 3d.

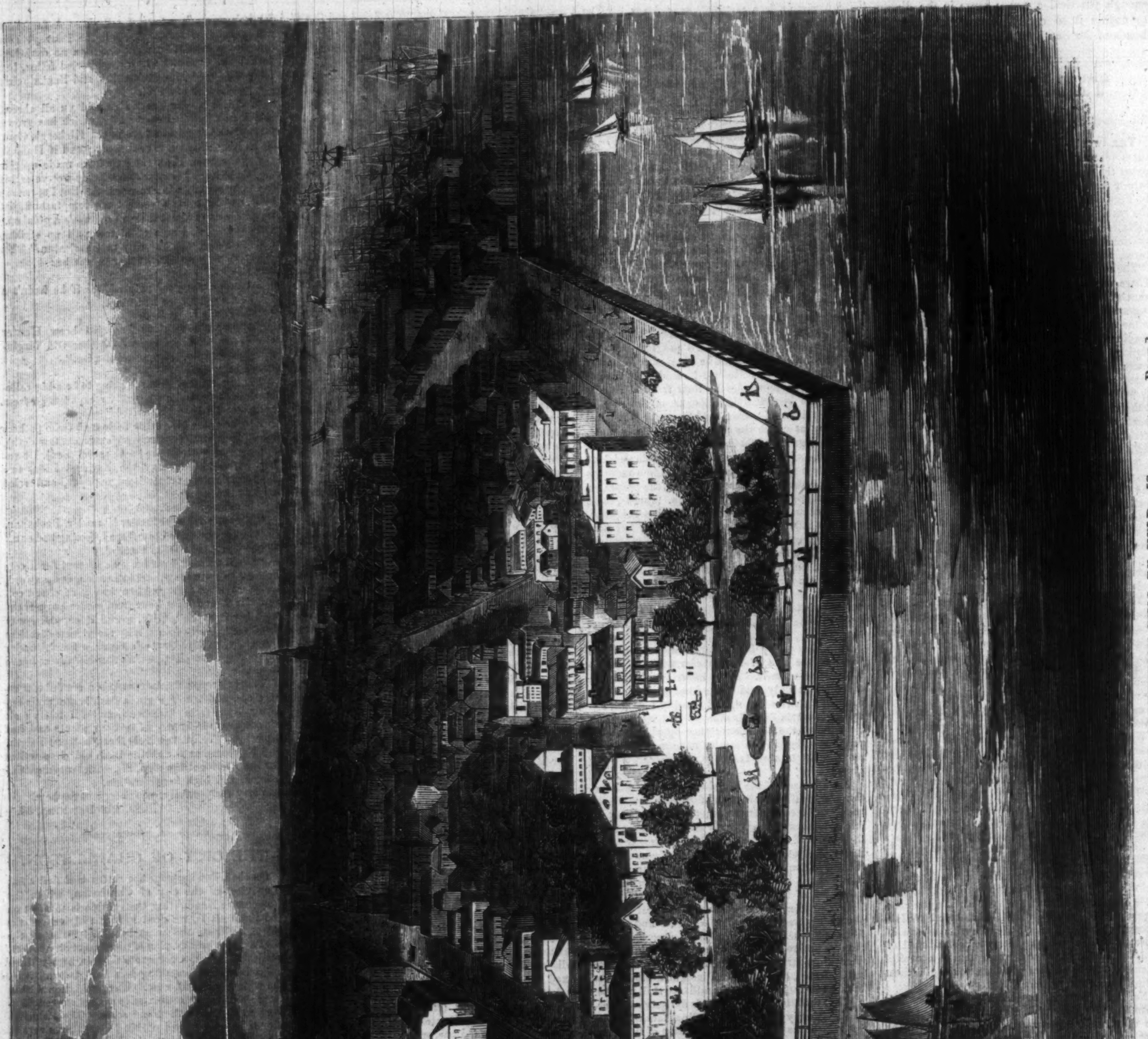
THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

On the following page the reader will find a fine engraving of the city of Charleston, where the Democratic Nominating Convention is to meet on 23d inst. It is, we need hardly add, one of the oldest, noblest, and most beautiful cities of the South. The ground-plan of the present city covers, north and south, a corporate domain nearly three miles long, by something less than two miles at the widest, east and west. The population within these limits is now estimated to range between fifty-five and sixty-five thousand souls. The Palmetto City is happily placed within two spacious rivers, the Cooper and Ashley—the Etiwan and Keawah of the Red men. These unite to form the harbor, which is ample, and attractive to the eye in high degree, forming a beautiful *ensemble*, not less sweet than spacious.

An eminent Southern writer has thus described the entrance to the port of Charleston:

"As you enter from the sea, between the Islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the fore-ground, five miles distant—rising, like another Venice, from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon flats and shoals of sand and mud. So low is the land, that the illusion that it is built directly in the sea continues till you approach quite near it. This illusion is productive of a picturesque effect, but not sufficient to compensate you for the relief which would be yielded by an elevated back-ground, or by lofty eminences of land on either side. As you advance the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harborage to which there can be no objection, were it not for the embarrassments of the bar at the entrance, which forbids the admission of ships of very heavy draught of water. It is a present project with the Charlestonians—supposed to be quite feasible—so to dredge this channel as to remove every difficulty. In that event, Charleston must necessarily acquire a large and imposing commercial marine of her own. In front of you, commanding the channel, is Fort Sumter, a formidable pile of fortress, with double tier of heavy cannon, rising upon a mole at the head of a sand-bar. In passing Sullivan's Island, the eye readily distinguishes the Moultrie House, famous as a local watering-place; and the still more famous fortress, which also bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of one of the first and best-fought battles of the Revolution, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, beat off and nearly destroyed a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even reached by that of Trafalgar and the Nile. On the right you see Haddrill's—Mount Pleasant village—which also constituted one of the fortresses of '76. On the left are the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the light-house of the port; the former the site of old Fort Johnson, which was wrested from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie, by the enterprise of a small body of citizen soldiery. Here, at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering an ancient mud reef; and here we propose to give you a bird's-eye view of the city itself. We are now in the ancient city itself—the Palmetto City! You see the *tout ensemble* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristics—the verandas, balconies, piazzas, with the ample gardens and their foliage, which isolate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots, and the taste of the people for shade trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and the beauty of the place.

"This city is one of many beauties, arising from this isolation of the dwellings, and from the ample verdure which girdles them."



THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.—[See preceding Page.]

"QUICK AS LIGHTNING TWO BLACK SINEWY PAWS SEIZED HIM," ETC.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER.

In all this time so little noise had been made that even the watch below, in the brig's forecastle, were snoozing away without a dream of danger: though had one of them shown his nose above the fore-peak he would have either been knocked down and murdered like the mate, or, with a gag in his jaws, been hurled overboard. When the leader of the pirates stepped again on deck, he said to his companions, who were still clustered around the companion-way,

"Well, my boys, we have 'arned a good prize—a fine cargo of the real stuff—silks, wines, and what not, besides a few of the shiners!" Here he jingled the bag of gold and dollars in his paws, and then threw it, with an easy, indifferent toss, on to the slide of the companion-way.

"But what think ye, lads?" he continued, in a hoarse whisper; "there's a petticoat aboard! and as sure as my name's Bill Gibbs, here goes for a look; for there's nothing like lamplight for the lovely creeturs!"

As he slewed round on his bare feet to approach the entrance to the deck cabin, a move was made in the same direction by two or three of the wretches of his band; but shoving them roughly back with his heavy fist, and clapping a hand to his belt, he said, in a threatening tone,

"None o' that, my souls! I takes the first look myself; and if I think her beauty 'll suit the chief, why—I shall be able to judge, ye know, whether she'll go furder on the cruise or swim ashore with the rest of the lubbers at daylight to Jamaiky. Keep your eye on the schooner, Pedro, and don't make no more sail! D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, Si Señor!" quoth that worthy, as he and his fellows fell sulkily back. It took but three strides for Mr. Bill Gibbs to reach the cabin door, when finding it hard to open, after several trials at the knob, he placed his burly shoulder against the edge of the panel work, and, throwing his powerful weight upon it, the door yielded with a snap of the lock, and he pitched forward full length upon the cabin floor. The noise startled the lady within, and speaking as if half asleep, she called,

"Banou! Banou! what is the matter?"

"Mon Dieu, Madame! we are prisoners in the hands of pirates!"

Before more words were uttered, Mr. Bill Gibbs, who by this time had regained his feet while giving vent to a volley of blasphemous curses, roared out as he beheld the black, "Ho! nigger passengers, hay? A mounseer of color, as I'm a Christian! I say, cucumber shins, is that 'ere woman as is talkin' as black as you be?"

He was not left long in doubt concerning the color of the person he alluded to, for at the instant the state-room door flew open and the lovely woman, in her loose night-dress and hair streaming in brown, heavy, silken tresses over her fair neck and shoulders, with a pale and terror-stricken face, stood before him. Speechless with agony, she gazed at the coarse ruffian who had, at the moment, reached the swinging cot which held the little boy, and while he was in the act of looking at the sleeping child the mother uttered a fearful cry and the boy awoke.

"Sarvice, Madam! don't be scared! come and take the little chap! I ain't goin' to hurt him—that is, if it be a him."

The frightened mother, spell-bound at first, needed no second bidding, and forgetful of her disheveled dress, sprang forward, and with outstretched arms, bare to the shoulder, was about to snatch her child. The pirate, however, with his red eyes gleaming with unholy fire, threw his great arm around the lovely woman's waist, and with a hoarse, fiendish chuckle of triumph, attempted to draw her toward him. But quick as lightning, two black, sinewy paws clutched him with such a steel-like grip about the throat that his sacrilegious arm dropped by his side, and he was hurled violently back against the cabin bulkhead. Then standing before him, the negro glared like an angry lion roused from his lair, as he looked round inquiringly at his mistress.

"Ho!" sputtered the ruffian, as he pulled a pistol from his belt, "ho! you mean fight, do ye?"

"*Banou! mon pauvre Banou!*" screamed the terrified woman. "Yield! Oh, Sir, spare him! Don't harm us, and we will give you all we possess!"

The burly scoundrel hesitated a moment, and balanced the cocked pistol in his hand, as if undecided whether to blow the black's brains out on the spot where he stood; and then shoving the weapon back in his sash, and keeping a wary eye on his assailant, he exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"Well, come here, then, my deary, and give us a kiss for this nigger's bad manners."

Moving forward as he spoke he caught up the little boy from the cot, tore the gold chain and locket from his neck, and shook him roughly at arm's-length, in hopes, perhaps, of enticing the tender mother within his merciless grasp. But again the black interposed his heavy frame before his mistress.

"What! at it again, are ye? Well, then"—fumbling with his left hand for his pistol—"say your prayers, ye imp of darkness."

The black seemed, however, in no mood for praying; and putting forth his slabs of arms, like the paws of an alligator, he tried to grapple his foe by the throat. The cries of the mother now mingled with those of the child as he put out his little arms to shield his black protector. The ruffian, foiled in his purpose, with baffled rage evaded the negro by stepping to one side; and as he did so, he hurled the helpless child with great force from him. The large cabin windows at the stern were open to let in the breeze; and as the brig sank slowly down with her counter to the following waves, and gurgled up as the sea eddied and surged around the rudder, the faint, plaintive cry of the little boy arose above the seething waters—a light splash followed—and the mother had lost her child!

"Oh, monster!" cried the heart-broken woman. "Oh, my boy! my boy! May Heaven curse you forever!" as she sank down senseless on the deck.

The awful howl of vengeance which burst from the deep lungs of Banou came simultaneously with the report of the pirate's pistol, the bullet from which struck the black hard in the left shoulder; but putting out for the third time his sinewy arms, and this time with an iron gripe that only left the ruffian time to yell with a stifled curse for help, he was hurled headlong, smashing through the latticed cabin door, and fell stunned upon the outer deck. In an instant half a dozen pistol-balls whistled around the negro's head, and the knives of the pirates flashed from their sashes as they rushed forward to bury the blades in his body; but leaping to one side, and while two more bullets were driven into him, he seized an iron-shod pump brake from the bulwarks, and, with a mighty bound, he whirled it once with the rapidity of thought high above his head, and brought it down on the leg of his prostrate foe. Such was the force of the blow that it smashed both bones, and drove the white splinters through the brute's trowsers, where they gleamed out red and bloody by the light of the binnacle lamp. Even then, wounded, and the blood flowing from several places, and though almost encircled in the grasp of the scoundrels, Banou made good his retreat to the cabin, and planted his powerful body firmly against the door.

With a volley of polyglot curses and yells in all languages, two or three stopped to raise their fallen leader, while the others, leaving the wheel and vessel to herself, rushed in pursuit of the black. Scarcely, however, had they made a step when their ears were saluted by a stunning crash from a heavy cannon, and the peculiar humming sound of a round shot as it flew just above their heads between the brig's masts.

There, within half a cable's length to windward, loomed up the dark hull of a large ship. The crew were evidently at quarters, with the battle lanterns lit and gleaming in the ports, while the rays shot up the black rigging and top-hamper, and spread out over the sails in fitful flashes as she slowly forged abreast the brig, with her main top-sail to the mast. For a minute not a sound was heard, though the decks were full of men, some with their heads poked out of the open ports beside the guns, or swarming along over the lee hammock nettings and about the quarter boats; but the next instant there came in a voice of thunder through the trumpet,

"What's the matter on board that brig?"

There was no answer for a few seconds, until a choking voice, as if with a pump-bolt athwart the speaker's mouth, mumbled out,

"We're captured by pi—"

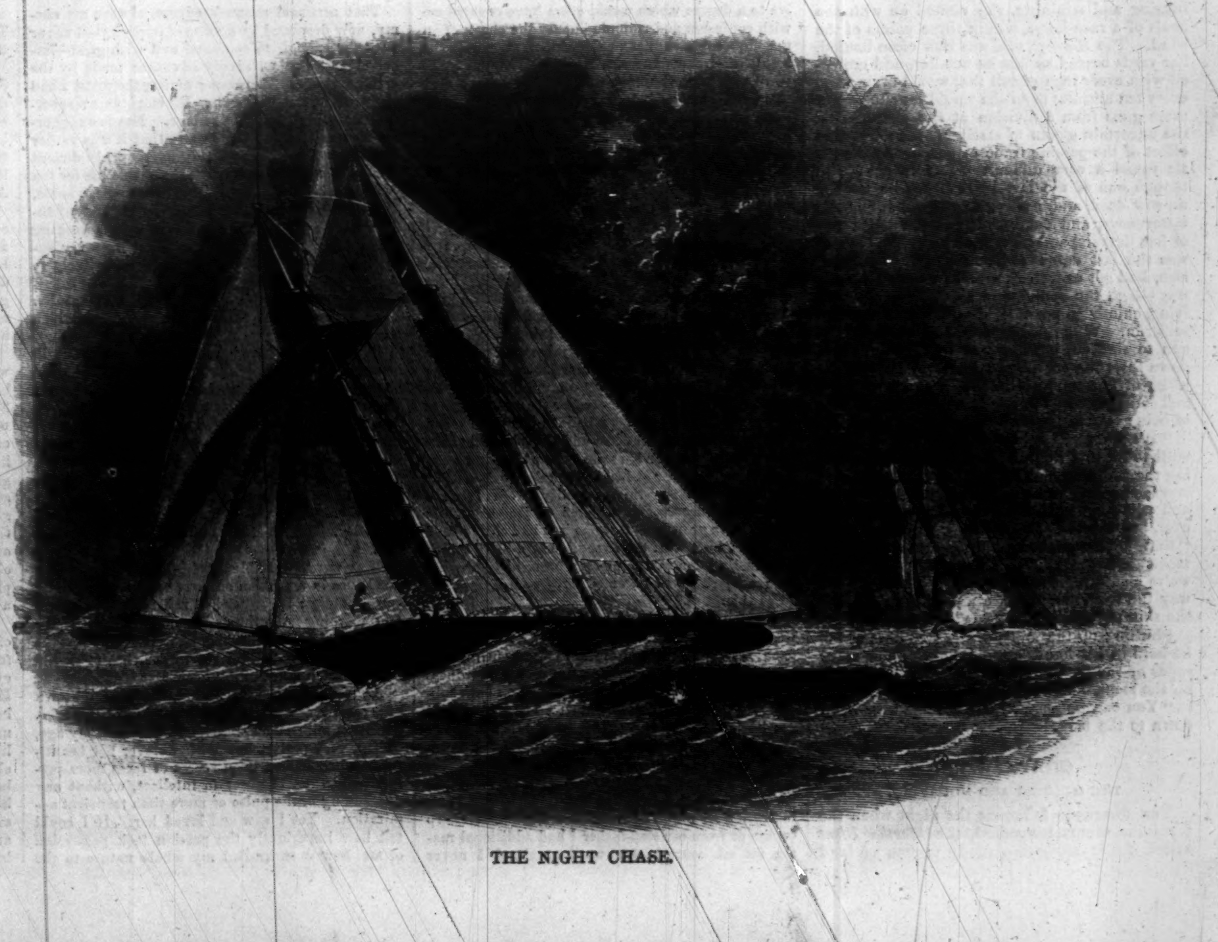
A dull, heavy blow cut short these words; and though the reply to the hail could hardly have been heard on board the ship, yet, as if divining the true state of the case, loud, clear orders were given:

"Away there, third and fourth cutters! away! spring, men!" Then came the surging noise of the whistles as the falls dropped the boats from the davits; then the men leaping down into the cutters—silently and quick—no sound save the clash of a cutlass or the rattle of an oar-blade as they took their places and shoved off. Again an order through the trumpet:

"Clear away the starboard battery! Load with grape! Sail trimmers! stations for wearing ship! Hard up the helm! Fill away the main-yard!"

The *Scourge* had by this time forged ahead of the brig, her sails aback or shivering, as she came up and fell off from the wind, and the boats dancing with full crews toward her. No sooner, however, had the presence of the unwelcome stranger been made known on board the brig than the pirates seemed seized with a panic, and without a second thought they scudded to leeward, where their boat had been hauled alongside, and forgetful or indifferent for the fate of their companions below, though dragging the while their maimed comrade to the rail, they lowered him into the boat, jumped in themselves, and pulled away with all their strength toward the schooner near. They were not, however, a moment too soon; for as the last of the band disappeared their places were supplied by a crowd of nimble sailors to windward, headed by an officer with his sword between his teeth as he swung over the bulwarks. The first sound which greeted the new-comers was from below, and from the throat of the honest skipper. Down the open companion-way leaped the officer, with half a dozen stout, eager sailors at his heels, and dashed right into the lower cabin. There was the brave old skipper, with but one arm free, shielding himself and struggling—faint and well-nigh exhausted—from the knives of the drunken brace of rascals who had been left to guard him. A pistol in the hands of one of this pair was pointed with an unsteady aim at the officer as he entered, but the ball struck the empty rum-bottle on the table and flew wide of its mark; and before the smoke of the powder had cleared away a sword and cutlass had passed through and through both their carcasses, and they fell dead upon the cabin floor.

While Captain Blunt found breath to give a rapid explanation of the trouble, and while the



THE NIGHT CHASE.

brig was once more got under control and the wounded cared for, we will take a look at the man-of-war and the part she bore in the business.

At the first sound of the warning gun from the cruiser the schooner began to show life, and drawing her head sheets she wore short round on her heel, with every thing ready to run up her fore and aft sails, while a stay-tackle was likewise rove and hanging over the low gunwale to hook on to the boat and hoist it in the moment it came alongside. Meanwhile the *Scourge* had shot ahead of the brig, and wearing round her fore-foot, with her starboard tacks on board, she emerged out beyond, like a hound just slipped from the leash. As she cleared the brig the schooner lay with bare masts about three cables' length to windward, and the rattle of oars told that the boat had just scraped alongside. At that moment that clear, determined voice shouted through the trumpet,

"Level your guns! Take good aim! Fire!"

A brilliant series of sheets of flame through the spouting jets of thick smoke burst forth from the corvette's battery, lighting up the water and jet black wales, and away aloft to the great towering maze of rigging and sails to the trucks—with the topmen clustering to windward, and their very eyes and teeth lit up in the glare; then, too, the crews of the guns, in their trim frocks and trowsers; the marines on the topgallant forecastle, with their firelocks and white cross-belts; and then abaft a knot of officers on the poop, with night-glasses to their eyes—all standing out as clear as day in the sudden flashes from the cannon. Then followed the concussive roar, and the next instant you could hear the hurtling rush of the iron hail, as it flew singly or in bunches through the air, or skipped in its deadly flight from wave to wave, until it went crashing into the pirate's boat, slapping with heavy thumps against the schooner's side, or furrowing along her decks; while a shower of white splinters flew high over her lee rail, and told how well the iron had done its bidding. Then were heard dying groans and imprecations, rapid orders, the shattered and sinking boat cut adrift, and, a moment after, the sails of the vessel spread as flat as a wall, the sheets flat aft; and, taking the breeze, she heeled over till her lee rail was all awash, and away she walked, close hauled, right up to windward.

But again came the clear, commanding tones on board the cruiser, mingled with the jumping of the crew and ramming home the charges in the guns:

"Load! round shot! Run out! One point abaft the beam! Fire as you bring the schooner to bear!"

Out belched the red flames, the heavy globes of iron—like so many black peas in daylight—sung their deadly note as they darted on their way, and the corvette gave a little heel to leeward as the shock of the explosion was felt. One shot dropped within fifty yards of the low hull of the schooner, bounded just clear of her after deck, knocked off the head and shoulder of a man at the tiller, and then went skipping away over the water like a black foot-ball. Another messenger cut off the schooner's delicate fore-topmast as clean as a bit of glass, bringing down the gaff-topsail, and, what was equally pleasant, the fellow who was setting it—pitching him over and over like a wheel, until he fell, a bruised and lifeless lump of jelly, on the oak bits at the foremast. Before, however, they were treated to another of these metallic doses the pirates had got their craft in splendid trim; and with every stitch of her canvas spread, and tugging and straining, she rushed on with the heels of a race-horse, within three points of the wind. The *Scourge*, too, was now close hauled, her yards braced as fine as needles, and crowded with every inch of sail that would draw; and every ten minutes or so she would let slip two or more guns from a division at the chase. But the uncertain gloom of starlight, the darkening effect of the passing trade clouds, made the little vessel a very difficult object to see; and though one of the last balls struck her on the narrow deck, and, passing through that and the water-ways, and out to windward, spoiled two of her timbers, and no end of planking, yet this was the last damage she received. Her crew, also, had got as well as could be out of harm's way—both the sound and wounded—and were lying, quietly as possible, deep down in the vessel's run. When daylight broke the breeze began to slacken, but she was by this time hull down from the corvette, a long way beyond the reach of her long eighteens in the bow-ports, and eating her way to windward, with no chance of being taken.

"It's no use," said the captain of the corvette to his first lieutenant, as they stood watching the receding chase. "We may as well give it up; she has the heels of us in this light wind, and will soon be out of sight. I think, however," continued the captain, with a smile, "that he'll remember the *Scourge* when he meets her again. This is the second time we've chased that fellow; and this heat, by the way the splinters flew, we must have peppered the skin off his back."

Shutting up the joints of the spy-glass which he held in his hand, he took hold of the manropes of the poop-ladder, and as he put his foot on the steps, he said,

"You can go about, Mr. Cleveland, and run down to the brig."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEETING AND MOURNING.

THE afternoon following the night when the foregoing events transpired, the *Martha Blunt* sailed slowly along the sandy tongue of land which separates Port Royal from Kingston, and dropped anchor in the harbor. As the cable rumbled out with a grating sound through the hawse-hole, and the crew aloft were furling the sails, a large, gayly-painted barge, pulled by a dozen blacks shaded by a striped awning, shot swiftly alongside. Jabbering were those darkeys, and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously. A rope was immediately thrown from the gangway of the brig, and a tall, handsome man, with a broad Panama hat, loose white jacket and trowsers, sprang with a bound up the side, and leaped on deck.

Captain Blunt stood there to receive him. A broad white bandage was passed around his head, and the tears trickled slowly down his bronzed and honest cheeks. Just beyond him, under the shade of the awning, lay Banou, stretched out at full length on a mattress; while Ben, the helmsman, was kneeling beside him, fanning his hot and fevered face with his tarpaulin. A yard or two beyond, on a broad plank resting on trestles, lay the mate, Mr. Binks, cold and rigid in the grasp of death, with the union-jack folded modestly over his corpse. The black breathed heavily and in pain; but when he caught sight of the gentleman as he stepped on deck, a deathly blue pallor came over his countenance, and, closing his eyes, the hot salt tears started in great drops from the lids.

"My God! Captain," said the gentleman, with a bewildering stare, "what's all this? What has happened?"

The old skipper merely made a motion with his hand toward the cabin, and leaning painfully against the rail, wept like a child. The gentleman's blood forsook his cheeks, and, with his knees knocking together, he staggered like a drunken man toward the cabin-door. A few minutes later he emerged, bearing in his arms the drooping, sobbing form of his wife. Starting from his close embrace for a moment as he bore her to the gangway, she gave one shuddering, terrified, searching gaze over the blue water, to seaward, and then, with a wailing cry that would have shook the hardest heart, she fell sobbing again into her husband's arms.

The voices and joyous shrieks of the negroes in the barge alongside subsided into low moaning groans; four or five came up and carefully lowered Banou down; then all got into the boat, and she moved mournfully away toward the shore.

WRITTEN IN MY CELL.

I SUPPOSE I write this in the desperate hope of awakening sympathy in some human heart, albeit I shall never know it. It is a dreadful thing to go to the gallows abhorred by every body: it is a more dreadful thing to have deserved it.

Not the gallows! it is not *that* I am afraid of. When I heard the words, "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," I could have blessed the judge for that righteous and most merciful sentence. Any thing to escape from the intolerable loathing of my fellow-creatures! Yet there is not one of them who, in detestation of my crime, has less of pity for me than I myself. The thought of pain, of suffering by way of expiation, is a relief to me; I would have it crueler, more shameful, if it might be. No horror that could be inflicted would compare with the tremendous agony of living on after such a deed. I *must* hope, as I suppose we all do, that death will bring some change involving, if not pardon and peace, some oblivion of the unendurable present. At times I fancy it will all prove a dreadful dream; *that I never did it.*

From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I was of an eager, passionate nature, impulsive to a degree which would often have covered me with confusion and ridicule but for the check of an unconquerable shyness, partly inherent, partly the result of circumstances. A plain-featured, awkward boy, a posthumous son by my mother's first marriage (she wedded again in the second year of her widowhood), my surroundings might have been happier. I was brought up strictly rather than affectionately, under the care of a step-father. He ruled his family absolutely, but with as much justice as was consonant with a certain narrow-mindedness common to men of his stamp. I think his creed, one of the severest as regards this life and the next, intensified this defect of his nature; I am sure it did not make him, or my mother or me, any better or happier. She had not sufficient force of character, and respected that of her husband too much to attempt or to effect any modification of it. So he had his own way in every thing.

Ours was a dull household: mine was a sombre boyhood. I had plenty of repression, little love; that little bestowed timidly by my mother, the instincts of whose heart were wiser than the dictates of her husband's head. I believe her child stood paramount in her affections, and that she had given him a step-father for his sake rather than her own, being left very poor at her husband's decease. But she never exhibited this partiality so openly as to excite his successor's suspicion or jealousy. He might have grown kinder if he had had children of his own; but, with the exception of a baby which died in its infancy, my mother brought him none. I have heard that he seemed sorry and disappointed at this.

Passionate, impulsive, and shy—these, I repeat, were its predominant features; the latter resulting from my comparative isolation from youth of my own age, and from a consciousness of awkwardness and plainness of feature. I was joked on both subjects by my school-fellows until I became angrily sensitive to them, and painfully confirmed in my shamefacedness. This, and the repressive influences at home, induced a morbid habit of reserve, which my approbativeness often burst through, to my subsequent chagrin and mortification. As any indication of temper brought correction or sharp comment from my step-father I had additional reason for self-control; but until manhood I never attained much more than the semblance of it. Then it deceived people, and in some degree myself, with respect to my disposition. If none of this had been forced upon me; if my eager, ardent nature had been allowed healthy vent; if what was good within me had ripened in the sunshine of affection, what bad, firmly but tenderly repressed, I might at this hour be an honored and happy man, instead of a condemned murderer. But God knows, and He only.

School-days over, I entered my step-father's office. He was a solicitor in good practice. I had no inclination toward the profession, but his suggestion carried its weight of authority; my mother considered it "very respectable," and I had hardly turned my thoughts in any definite direction. It answered indifferently well, and in due time I was articled.

Coming manhood did little toward emancipating me from the restraints of home. I had scarcely any command of money; and this, with a standing requisition that I should be in-doors every night by ten o'clock, virtually debarred me from amusement abroad. Naturally, I mutinied: and, after a struggle, effected the abolition of the latter privation, and some, but no considerable, improvement in the former. Both were conceded unwillingly and after pertinacious opposition, originating a series of quarrels which, after my mother's death, terminated in the total estrangement of myself and step-father.

I forgot her death the more rapidly from a youthful passion which then occupied me for the first time. It is my intention to speak only of circumstances which had a direct influence on my character, and this boy-love may be dismissed in a few sentences.

I fell in love with a sister of one of my acquaintances: a handsome, merry girl, my senior by a year, a coquette by nature. I submitted to her whims for twelve months, when we quarreled our last quarrel and parted. The impetuosity with which I urged my suit had overborne her original distaste for my ugliness—it was no longer mere plainness—and my earnestness frightened her. She broke off, in spite of miserable humiliation on my part, leaving me to digest the pain and mortification of it. When she hears of my deed (she married and went to India) she will think she had a happy escape. Perhaps she had.

I suffered more than common from so common an experience. It made me doubly sensitive to my defects, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively, nursed my wounded self-esteem into embittered egotism, yet despised myself for my recent failure. I labored to attain self-control, and, as aforesaid, achieved at least the mask of it. At this period the alienation between myself and step-father reached a crisis, and terminated in my withdrawal both from his office and home.

I was able to keep myself, having acquired, with a world of pains and at the exercise of an amount of patience foreign to my nature, the art of stenography; though not a proficient in the craft, I had earned money by it. Besides which, I presently began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration. Long ago, perhaps in consequence of my step-father's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, though diseased, temperament, produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from that endured in my former home, but not a better one. My step-father's example had disgusted me with professions of religion; I had no check of kindred or friends to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not calculated to attract those who could have helped me to purer pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

That accursed shamefacedness, always my enemy, now deepened by a sense of impurity—I never went far enough to confound evil with good—impelled me to reject kindly advances made by the better sort of my own class; among the worst I had companions, but no friends. My employers respected my intellect, but disliked me. Not to exaggerate my profligacy, let me state that it was rather spasmodic than habitual, nor ever openly defiant of the decencies of society. I lived this life for ten years. When, at times, I longed for a wife, a home, the recollection of past mortification, of present unfitness, of *my ugliness*, deterred me from seeking them. And, self-indulgence palling upon my appetite, I presently devoted myself exclusively to literary ambition.

Four years of persistence produced their results. I come now to the train of circumstances which brought me *here*.

It was at Scarborough, whither I had gone in consequence of indisposition, that chance made me acquainted with her uncle. You know whom I mean by *her*—there is no need to mention names. A watering-place intimacy sprang up between us, renewed at the uncle's request on our return to the metropolis. He was an old bachelor, fond of books, and curious about authors. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his brother's family. I went there idly, out of courtesy to him, or out of curiosity. I wish I had fallen dead on the threshold!

They were hospitable people, dwelling in a pleasant house in a London suburb, with a garden and conservatory; its owner had retired from business on something more than competence. His family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was the youngest. What did I see in her that it should light up such a fire in my heart?

A girl of sixteen, with kind, thoughtful, brown eyes; soft, smooth, fair hair; and rosy cheeks. That was all. A mere girl, less than half my age, pretty, very pretty, but neither clever nor beautiful. I had looked upon scores of faces more perfect in feature, brighter in intellect, without any quickening of the pulse or more than transient admiration. Yet I saw and loved her. If I could tell how imperiously the passion took possession of me, how it enthralled my whole nature to the exclusion of every thing but that one tyrannic idea, the crowning horror that grew out of it might be understood if not pitied.

It began innocently enough, God knows. I went to the house, as I have said, at first in company with her uncle, then with or without him, always obtaining a cordial welcome. There was a goodness, an unaffected kindness in the little family, manifest in its mutual relations, its behavior to friends and visitors, which won upon me in spite of my distrust of myself and others. I had never seen any thing like it, never known how much of affection, of unconscious self-sacrifice, of mutual esteem and forbearance might be comprised in the one word *home*.

The girls often sang to us of evenings. I wonder whether I am unusually sensitive to sweet voices, that hers should have affected me as it did, waking up some unearthly responsive longing in my soul as for something I had never known, something I should never attain, which was delicious, yet exquisitely painful.

Her girlish ways, her manner as she went about her household duties or performed the little rites of hospitality, possessed an indescribable fascination for me, totally irreconcilable with reason or with my colder judgment; for, strange as it may seem, I knew her as she was, even when most under the influence of the passion which controlled me. I knew it, but had no power to break the enchantment.

She never suspected it—as how should she? I was so much her elder that she regarded me as out of the pale of those who might be attracted by her girlish beauty. To her, a girl of sixteen, I was an *odd-looking* man, a visitor, a friend of the family, nothing more. My intellectual superiority made her timid. She never dreamed of her power over me.

The touch of her hand, accidental contact with her dress, the upturned glance of her kind, calm eyes, filled me with tremor; my whole nature became resonant to her presence. When I conversed it was always with a secret hope that she would listen or reply. I never spoke to her without a miserable desire to interest her, and a wretched sense of failure. I revolved over and over again in my mind the trivial words that passed between us, pondering on the tones in which she had spoken, and nursing the unrest which devoured me like a burning fever.

So it went on, day by day, week after week, for six months.

There was a handsome lad of fifteen, a school-fellow of her brother, who came to the house, and whose fancy selected her as the object of a boyish passion: one rife with day-dreams and romance, but of no more depth or consequence than such fancies ordinarily are. I noticed it at the outset. I believe I discovered it before he himself had any distinct consciousness of the feeling. When evident to all, and something of a joke in the family, she was secretly pleased, though she affected to look down upon him as her junior—a year is a great gap in a girl's estimation. Too simple-hearted to comprehend coquetry, she yet knew she was pretty, and her admirer's passion flattered and amused her innocent vanity. I think she had no idea that any thing serious would come of it, but she certainly liked and listened to him.

That tortured me. The boy was in earnest. I have said he was handsome, and the contrast between his fresh youthful face, his buoyant spirits, and healthy nature, with mine, filled me with gall and wormwood. *He*, in spite of his bashfulness and blushing modesty, could find topics enough to talk about, and could interest her. There were no awkward intervals of silence between *them*. She smiled or laughed when he entered the room, and called him "Harry." I have sat, time after time, and watched them with unutterable envy and unutterable misery in my heart. I wonder now that I restrained myself so well, but nobody suspected me—not till the dreadful end.

The family went out of town, in the month of June, to a village eastward of London, on the border of a forest. They had humble friends there, and generally staid at the cottage of a woman who had been her and her sister's nurse. And I and the uncle were invited to visit them at pleasure—it was barely a three hours' coach journey. In August I did so, as it happened, alone.

I met the father in the foot-path across the meadow which led to the village, on his way to town, and he—God help him! I was never again to see his face turned toward me in friendship and confidence—gave me a cheery greeting, and bade me go on and enjoy myself, promising to return at nightfall. "The girls are starting for a picnic in the forest," he said; "you'll be just in time."

I saw her at the window in the cottage gable, with a garland of summer flowers in her hair, laughing through the honey-suckle at those below. She smiled and nodded a welcome to me. There were not many present: her brother, sister, two cousins (girls), a country friend, and Harry. I knew he was stopping with them, yet his presence gave me a pang as if my heart had been suddenly gripped by a cruel human hand. They all seemed glad to see me, and, my respects paid to the mother, who did not care to be of the party, we set out for the forest together. In spite of his sisters' objections, their brother took with him a foolish pistol which he had, for the purpose of shooting at a mark.

Throughout that sultry summer's day, the sun of which was not to set without leaving on my forehead the brand of Cain, by dusty lane and green hedge-row, among the trees in the forest, Harry kept by her side, driving me mad. He was happy, very happy, for the occasion increased her natural good-humor and good spirits—perhaps her liking for her boyish lover. A fortnight of daily, almost hourly, intimacy in that idle holiday time, had naturally brought them closer together, and he, at once intoxicated by his passion and the sweet influences surrounding him, was more enamored than ever. So he kept by her side, nobody challenging his right to that position. I see

them now: he, with his youthful, glowing face, all admiration and enjoyment; she, in her light dress and straw-hat, her sweet eyes just raised in answer to him, and a smile on her lips. One of the party jestingly called my attention to them once—as if *that* were needed.

We rambled about in the forest until noontide, and for an hour longer, presently dining in an open space where were some fallen trees and a little spring. He sat at her feet, and as much as possible engrossed her conversation. Her brother joked him on it, and I joined in the laugh. We were all very merry together, and my conduct excited no suspicion. I talked gayly, and observed her looking at me more than once in quiet surprise. Fury and despair were raging in my heart, yet I talked lightly and merrily; and when the brother proposed that we should try our skill in shooting at an extemporized target, I bore my part like a boy among boys.

Tiring of this and of other sports, we rambled hither and thither. Then I feigned drowsiness, and they left me, to come back in an hour or so, bidding me take care of our dinner-baskets. The brother left his pistol; it was heavy, and he tired of his plaything. When they had all gone off among the bushes, I sat up on a fallen tree, and loaded the weapon. I declare before Heaven I had no thought then of the dreadful use to which I was soon to put it; I had an inclination to play with the idea of suicide.

It was fascinating, in my maddened, morbid state, to put the muzzle between my teeth, and fancy what pulling the trigger would effect. I imagined it in detail. A horrible crash and a great darkness. I should be found on their return lying beside the log, dead. How shocked they would be—how horrified! What would *she* say? Would she be sorry? How little she or any one in the world would suspect the cause of it! I should carry my secret with me into the next world; perhaps I should be at rest, and people would pity me.

The thought grew upon me so that I rose to dissipate it—rose, and strolled off among the trees, with the accursed pistol in my pocket. My hands behind me, my head bowed, my eyes on the grass, I went, walking slowly, thinking of her.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour, when I heard a girl's voice, caroling merrily—a voice and song I knew well. A dizziness was in my ears, my heart throbbed tumultuously and painfully. I raised my eyes and saw her alone, coming toward me, down a foot-path into which I had wandered.

She had never looked prettier or kinder. There was a rosy flush of health and exercise upon her cheek, a sweet light of love in her eyes, and a glory of afternoon sunshine streaming through the boughs upon her fair brown hair. Something told me that the boy's ardor had won, if not a reciprocation of his passion, at least an unusually favorable hearing. I turned, and we walked side by side. "Where were the others?" I asked.

"Oh, coming, but a long way behind. She had run away from them." And she laughed.

"Why?"

"They had teased her. She was glad to have met me, as I would take her part."

"And Harry?" She blushed, and, returning an evasive answer, stole a sidelong glance behind. I looked behind, too. There was no one visible.

"He loves you," I said. She blushed deeper than before, and turned her face away, and we walked on in silence for a few seconds. Then it came. "*I* love you!" I said. "Do you know what a man's love is?" And I poured forth a flood of passionate, incoherent words, such as can not be recalled or written down, such as men sometimes utter once in a lifetime.

She listened, amazed—affrighted. There was more than that in her face. As I seized her hand and told her of my hopelessness and agony, I saw, distinctly, in the girlish countenance, a look of repugnance and aversion. She broke from me, and attempted to run away. The next moment I stood with the discharged pistol in my hand, a little smoke curling upward from its muzzle.

* * * * * *

What need to narrate how I fled from the spot, the long red bars of sunset streaming after me through the wood, like the fires of hell? How I longed for death, yet had not the courage to slay myself? How I gave myself up to justice for that murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 9, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire by what authority the United States naval forces captured the Mexican war steamers near Vera Cruz recently. The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce for an amendment of the act relating to the liabilities of ship-owners was presented. Notice was given of a bill providing for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade. Senator Davis's resolutions relative to slavery in the Territories were taken up, and Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, made a long speech on the subject.——In the House, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information respecting the African slave-trade. The report of the Covode Investigating Committee, recommending the arrest of Collector Schell, of New York, for contempt, was taken up. A minority report was presented, justifying Mr. Schell in withholding from the Committee the names of the subscribers to the New York Hotel Electioneering Fund. After some debate the reports were recommitted. Reports of the Judiciary Committee on the President's protesting message were presented.

On Tuesday, April 10, in the Senate, a bill was passed providing for the extension of the period in which Oregon can locate certain grants of land. Senator Sumner presented a memorial from Frank B. Sanborn, the individual who resisted the United States officers in Massachusetts recently, and whose affray was illustrated in our last number. The memorial was laid on the table. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a discussion ensued upon the slavery question, in which Senators Doolittle, Mason, Chestnut, and others took part.——In the House, Mr. Taylor, from the Judiciary Committee, presented a minority report on the President's protesting message, sustaining the position of the President. The bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was then taken up and debated till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, April 11, in the Senate, the bill amending the Patent law was rejected by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The Judiciary Committee asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the memorial asking for the location of United States Courts at Binghamton, New York. A bill for the protection of witnesses in criminal cases in the District of Columbia was introduced. A motion was made to take up the bill relative to the transportation of the mails overland to the Pacific, but after some conversation the subject was passed over. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to whether any corporal punishment has been substituted for flogging in the navy, and also as to what steps have been taken with regard to the alleged homicide on board the United States steamer *Brooklyn* in New York harbor some time since. Senator Mason offered a resolution for an adjournment of Congress from the 19th to the 30th of April, in order to afford members an opportunity to attend the Charleston Convention. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a lengthy debate ensued.——In the House the debate on the bill to admit Kansas into the Union under the Wyandot constitution was resumed and concluded, and the bill passed by a vote of 134 to 73. The discussion was interrupted by Mr. Pryor, who entered into an explanation of his language on the occasion of Mr. Lovejoy's recent speech on Slavery.

On Thursday, April 12, in the Senate, Senator Mason's resolution for an adjournment from the 19th to the 30th instant, in order to enable the members to attend the Charleston Convention, was withdrawn. The remainder of the session was occupied with business relating to the District of Columbia. A bill making an appropriation for the support of the public schools of the District was taken up, and an amendment was offered that a portion of the funds be donated to the education of the colored population. This brought up the Negro question, and a discussion ensued, and the Senate adjourned without taking the question on the amendment.——In the House, a report from the Coast Survey was received, showing the practicability of making Harlem River navigable. Reports on the public printing and the French Spoliation bill were presented. The former was postponed till the 25th of April, and the latter till the 9th of May. The Senate Pacific Telegraph bill was briefly discussed. In Committee of the Whole several members made speeches on the Slavery and Presidential questions.

On Friday, April 13, in the Senate, the House bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was referred to the Committee on Territories. Senator Wilson's resolution relative to the suppression of the African slave-trade was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Sumner presented the return of the Massachusetts Sheriff who took part in the Sanborn affair at Concord, Massachusetts, on the 3d instant, and availed himself of the occasion to animadvert upon the conduct of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee in not summoning Governor Wise, of Virginia, before them. He was answered by Senator Mason, the Chairman of the Committee, and the papers were laid on the table. After the adoption of some verbal amendments to the bill amendatory of the Patent laws and the passage of several private bills, the Senate went into executive session and confirmed a number of army appointments.——In the House nothing of general interest occurred.

ALMOST A DUEL.

An affair of honor between Pryor, of Virginia, and Potter, of Wisconsin, has almost grown out of a personal altercation which took place in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday, in connection with Lovejoy's late speech.

The New York *Herald* gives the following version of the affair:

It is understood that after Mr. Potter replied to Mr. Pryor's first note, that he would receive any message that might be sent him in the District, Mr. Pryor asked him if he would accept a challenge, to which Mr. Potter replied that he would inform him whenever a challenge reached him. Mr. Pryor then sent him a challenge, to which Mr. Potter replied, referring him to Colonel Lander to make the necessary arrangements. These terms, as proposed by Colonel Lander to Mr. T. P. Chisman, were, that Mr. Potter, though disclaiming allegiance to the code, would fight Mr. Pryor in any place, in doors or out, in the District, with bowie-knives. This was declined, on the ground that the weapons were barbarous and inhuman, and not usual among gentlemen. To this Colonel Lander replied that Mr. Potter detested the whole system of dueling as barbarous and inhuman, but being called to account for the exercise of free speech on the floor of the House, he consented, not being accustomed to the usual weapons of the duelist, to meet him in a way that would place them on equal terms, and to name the time, place, and weapons. But as the weapons named by Mr. Potter were objected to, Colonel Lander, without Mr. Potter's knowledge, tendered himself to Mr. Pryor, without restrictions, which was also declined, on the ground that he had no quarrel with Colonel Lander.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence will shortly be published. The main points in it are said to be as follows:

First—Several notes passed to determine whether the challenge should be given and accepted in the District, Mr. Potter ignoring the Southern code by refusing to leave the District, and establishing one of his own by not leaving it.

Second—The challenging party went to Virginia, from which they dated their notes and gave the challenge, which was received and accepted by the challenged party in the District.

Third—Potter's ultimatum was sent to Pryor last night, about eight o'clock, announcing that he would fight with bowie-knives, in a room, or in the open air, within twelve hours. That the principals should take their position within four feet of each other; that the battle should commence at a given word, which should be announced by one of the seconds; that each second should stand in the rear of his principal, armed with a Colt navy pistol, to see fair play.

Fourth—At about eleven o'clock Pryor's second, Mr. Chisman, whose adviser was understood to be Senator Hunter, returned an answer, declining the terms, and denouncing them as barbarous.

Fifth—Mr. Lander, the second of Mr. Potter, immediately replied that if the bowie-knife was barbarous, he believed the whole code of honor no less so, and in order to accommodate the gentleman he would waive the barbarity, and offer himself as a substitute for his principal, which act was not known to Mr. Potter. Mr. Lander, it is understood, offered to fight in such a way as would be satisfactory to the opposite party.

In this tilt Colonel Beal, of Pennsylvania, a United States Engineer, acted as the friend of Colonel Lander. Mr. Chisman, the friend of Pryor, replied to this act of courtesy on the part of Lander, that neither he nor Mr. Pryor had any quarrel with him, and they must decline meeting him.

And here ends the correspondence. This last note of Mr. Chisman was received by Colonel Lander at seven o'clock A.M. on Friday. Should Mr. Pryor attempt to reopen the subject, it is said that Mr. Potter will not permit it, as Mr. Chisman, acting for Pryor, announced that it must close in his note declining to accept the proposal of Colonel Lander. It is said that the only way Pryor can obtain satisfaction now is by a street attack, which Potter will not shrink from.

ARRIVAL OF A JAPANESE VESSEL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

His Imperial Japanese Majesty's war steamer *Candinmarruh*, commanded by Kat-sin-tarroh, a captain in the Japanese navy, arrived at San Francisco March 17, and anchored off Vallejo Street wharf at three o'clock P.M., after thirty-seven days' passage from Uragawa, and having on board the Chief Admiral of the Imperial Japanese navy, Co-ser-ke-ma-sa-no-ci-um. The object of the visit of the *Candinmarruh* is as a tender or preceding vessel to the United States steamship *Powhatan*, which left Jeddo on the 10th of February, bound to San Francisco, having on board the Japanese Embassadors, and suite of seventy, sent by the Emperor to Washington. The following are the names of the officers of the ship: Admiral, Co-ser-ke-ma-sa-no-ci-um; Captain, Kat-sin-tarroh; Captain Attending, Managero; Lieutenants, So-ko-rah-to-tosah, Okeomo, Yu-ha, Use-e-ro, To-mo-a-go-ro, Eu-ah-ket-che; Chief Engineer, Ha-ma-ge-ro; Second Engineer, Kin-ge-ro; four midshipmen, three doctors, and seventy before the mast.

The steamer mounts ten guns, viz., four eighteen and six thirty-two pounders. She also mounts four swivels and one howitzer. She brought as passengers Captain John M. Brooke, U.S.N.; Mr. E. M. Kern, U.S.N.; and nine of the crew of the late United States schooner *J. Fenimore Cooper*, which was wrecked at Yokahama on the 23d of August, 1859.

FRESHET ON THE MONONGAHELA.

One of the most destructive freshets that has occurred for many years prevails along the low lands of the Monongahela. The rise in the river came so suddenly that much damage was done to property. A number of coal-boats were destroyed, manufactories were flooded, and families driven from their dwellings. The railroads have also suffered from landslides.

DISPOSAL OF THE MEXICAN STEAMERS.

With regard to the disposition of the Mexican war steamers captured near Vera Cruz, the Government has decided to leave them to be dealt with by the Federal courts at New Orleans. The crews of the respective vessels will be permitted to go wherever they please.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John Weeden died in Columbia, Lorain County, Ohio, on Friday week, aged ninety-three years. She was the last of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre. A few of the inhabitants escaped, among whom were the family of William Martin, Mrs. Weeden's father. Mrs. Weeden was twelve years old at that time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a prisoner with her sister in the fort, where every male was put to death by the tomahawk. The sisters left the Valley with their father and mother and little sister, and traveled with a flag of truce through the then dense forest till within forty miles of the Connecticut River. There they were met by two of Mr. Martin's sons, and taken to Colchester.

After the jury, in the Carstang-Shaw case, had returned their verdict for the defendant, Mr. Shaw, he entertained his friends and hoisted a red flag, signifying freedom, above his dwelling.

Messrs. O'Reilly and Speed propose to construct a line of telegraph from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Puget Sound, within two years, without any other aid from the Government than the right of way.

A man in Muskegon, Wisconsin, being drunk, had both feet frozen. Struck with remorse, he resolved to starve himself to death. At last accounts he seemed to be near his end, and, for all that appears to the contrary, the neighbors were very contentedly looking on.

The *Tribune* understands that the Hon. August Belmont has expressed willingness to visit Charleston as a member of the regular Democratic Delegation from this State, and that negotiations are now pending with the Hon. Anthony Dugro, one of the Governors of the Alms-House, for a resignation by Dugro in Mr. Belmont's favor. Mr. B., if successful in this matter, will, it is understood, go down as a Douglas delegate; but his brotherly affection for the Hon. John Slidell, of Louisiana, may possibly produce a change in his views when he reaches Charleston. Certain it is that Slidell and Mr. Buchanan count largely upon his aid.

The Boston *Journal* says: "The friends of Frank B. Sanborn are about to present his sister—as a token of their respect for her bravery—one of the latest style of Colt's revolvers. It will bear an engraved representation of the old Pine Tree flag, and the inscription, '*Sic itur ad astra!*'"

A Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says that the President of the United States, in the course of a conversation with him a few days ago, expressed an intention of writing some reminiscences of his own career in Congress and abroad. Mr. Buchanan, says the writer, is desirous of leaving on record some notes of the prominent public men with whom, at different periods of his life, he has been associated.

An old woman, fortune-teller by profession, well known in Troy, went to bed the other night in an unusual state of intoxication; she managed to fall out of bed in such a way that she was suffocated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The strong language which Lord John Russell used in the House of Commons respecting the French annexation of Savoy and Nice has provoked a good deal of comment, and it has been viewed as a proof of the rupture of the Anglo-French Alliance. His lordship indulged in the following protest, as an indication of the future policy of England:

"Sir, my opinion, as I declared it in July and January, I have no objection now to repeat—that such an act as the annexation of Savoy is one that will lead a nation so warlike as the French to call upon its Government from time to time to commit other acts of aggression [hear], and therefore I do feel that, however we may wish to live on the most friendly terms with the French Government—and certainly I do wish to live on the most friendly terms with that Government [cheers]—we ought not to keep ourselves apart from the other nations of Europe [loud cheers from both sides of the House], but that, when future questions arise—as future questions may arise—we should be ready to act with others, and to declare, always in the most moderate and friendly terms, but still firmly, that the settlement of Europe, the peace of Europe, is a matter dear to this country, and that settlement and that peace can not be assured if it is liable to perpetual interruption [loud cheers], to constant fears, to doubts and rumors with respect to the annexation of this one country, or the union and connection of that other; but that the Powers of Europe, if they wish to maintain that peace, must respect each other's rights, must respect each other's limits, and, above all, restore and not disturb that commercial confidence which is the result of peace, which tends to peace, and which ultimately forms the happiness of nations." [Loud cheers.]

There was considerable excitement in the House when the Foreign Minister sat down.

THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have just had a conversation with a gentleman thoroughly familiar with sporting matters, and who is taking the odds on Heenan. He says, however, that, although there are such quotations as six to four, he can not get them, and has never been able to get over five to four. Sayers, he says, is a hard fighter, but he has been once defeated, and may be again; and he considers that if he is beaten by Heenan it will be no disgrace to him to be defeated by a man five inches taller, three stone heavier than himself, and a man in the full vigor of youth, as Heenan is. The fight, he thinks, will be of short duration, and Sayers' game will be to keep 'the Boy' as far off from him as possible, not allowing him to close and overcome him by his superior size and weight, if he can avoid it. Nat Langham, the only man who ever whipped Sayers, has been giving Heenan some lessons in sparring, and says he has improved wonderfully."

A few days afterward a meeting was held to settle details finally:

"About half past ten o'clock Mr. Dowling, the ring editor of *Bell's Life in London*, and the stake-holder in the coming fight, said: 'Gentlemen and patrons of the prize-ring, I am happy to inform you that at last all the preliminaries for the coming fight are arranged. To-day the final deposit was made in my hands, and every thing is now in a fair train for bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion. There has been a great deal of talk as to whether the fight would take place on the day named; but I would recommend you to take no heed of such reports. The fight will come off on the 16th of April, as originally agreed upon. It has also been stated that an extravagant price will be charged to those who desire to witness this great international contest. Ten and five guineas has been named as the sum requisite to convey a passenger to the place of combat; but I am now happy to state, positively, that the charge will be three pounds a head, and arrangements have been made for bringing off the match in a manner gratifying to all concerned.'"

THE REIGNING BELLES OF ENGLAND.

The Court *Journal* says of the late *levée*: "There were some strikingly beautiful faces among the fair *débutantes*, and, if we may be permitted to judge on so important a point, it will be difficult for one belle to reign triumphantly without danger of usurpation from a bevy of claimants. A very distinguished *débutante* was Lady Alice Hill, who was attired in white. Indeed, the color was a prevailing one, though here and there there was a dotted dress or two of last year's fancy color, mauve. Green seemed to be a favorite color. Lady Alice Hill wore a feather and vail and roses—the latter the fashionable flower of the day, though not particularly seasonable. Feathers are now completely in the vogue at the drawing-room. Lady Blanche Craven was a *débutante* of the day; she wore a beautiful costume of white, trimmed with white roses; the ornaments of pearls and feathers. Lady Gertrude Amherst was also one of the most noticeable of the presentations; her costume was very tastefully relieved by silver and blue flowers, and she wore a wreath of the same flowers, with feathers—no jewelry. The Countess Amherst, who presented her daughter, had a very beautiful costume of a new mauve color, which was very effective. The Duchess of Wellington's very beautiful costume was also of this color. There were a few costumes of black—among the most striking being those of the Countess of Fife and Lady John Russell."

FRANCE.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The *Moniteur* publishes the treaty of the cession of Savoy and Nice by the Sardinian Government to France. This treaty is according to the summary already published, and has, besides, the following articles: A mixed commission will determine what Savoy and Nice shall contribute to the public debt of Sardinia and to the execution of several public contracts; the Sardinian Government reserves to itself to finish alone the boring of Mount Cenis; the treaty will become executive for Sardinia after receiving the sanction of Parliament.

The *Moniteur* also announces that the Senate has rejected, by passing to the order of the day and with 115 against 16 votes, several petitions requesting the intervention of the Senate in favor of the temporal power of the Pope.

RESULTS OF THE CHANGE.

A Paris paper says: "France takes on herself as her quota of the public debt of Piedmont 177,000,000 francs by the incorporation of Savoy—a transaction extremely liberal on the French side, the revenues of that poor territory being, up to this period, scanty, but from freedom of commerce with its natural customer and provider, there is a prospect of the investment turning out not so bad. On the coast Ventimiglia is the boundary town (20 miles beyond Nice), not St. Remo, as required by Napoleon III. Count Grieffé de Bellecombe takes his seat in the French Senate House as head of the deputation of Savoy notables, as well as the Prince de Monaco, and other eminent landholders of the province, as France allows her senators 30,000 francs a year."

SWITZERLAND.

THE SWISS PROTEST AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The following is a summary of the report addressed by the Federal Council to the Federal Assembly: "The interests of the safety, independence, and neutrality of Switzerland demand that her rights, in reference to the neutralized provinces of Savoy, should not be encroached upon by their annexation to France. Even admitting that the neutrality of these provinces should continue, their annexation would still be against the treaties, and would threaten the rights and interests of Switzerland. The expectation of the good offices of the Powers concerning these questions reassures Switzerland, on condition that no occupation of those provinces by France previously takes place, and that the *statu quo* shall be respected."

The following are therefore the proposals made by the Federal Council: "That the Assembly may ratify the resolutions which have been adopted, and grant the necessary credits. The Assembly should request the Council to continue to protect energetically the rights and interests of Switzerland in regard to the neutralized provinces of Savoy, and to obtain that the *statu quo* should be respected. It may also authorize the President to take all necessary measures to that effect. The Assembly will be again convoked in the event of its becoming necessary to call out the troops, or should other grave circumstances require it."

PRUSSIA.

A PRUSSIAN REMONSTRANCE.

The reply of Prussia to M. Thouvenel's note was sent to Paris on the 27th ult. Prussia disapproves of the annexation of Savoy to France. Switzerland, whose rights were reserved by Sardinia, has made an appeal to the Powers. Those rights must be examined and protected. Prussia concludes by announcing that she will treat the question of Switzerland in a special note.

ITALY.

MORE BULLS OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

On March 26 the act of major excommunication against those who have either promised aid to or counseled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna was published. The act was posted up in several quarters of Rome. On the Tuesday previous the Papal Government forwarded to the whole of the diplomatic corps a protest against the annexation of the Legations to Sardinia.

The Papal Carabineers have taken off the escutcheon of Sardinia from the house of the Sardinian vice-consul at Pesaro.

THE KING TO HIS TUSCAN SUBJECTS.

A proclamation of the King to the people of Central Italy has been published. The following is a summary:

"Your wishes are satisfied. You are united under one monarchy—a reward well merited by your unity and perseverance. It is, however, necessary to continue the virtues of which you have given such an admirable example to the world. Above all things, persevere in the firm resolution to make such sacrifices as are indispensable for accomplishing and establishing great enterprises. We are now bound by an indissoluble pact of honor to our common country and to universal civilization. I have exposed my life for the independence of Italy, and I have given my people an example of loyalty. I now claim from my new peoples the same affection as from my former subjects. I desire to strengthen the Italians in the unanimity of their resolution to resist aggression, and to prepare continually for better things."

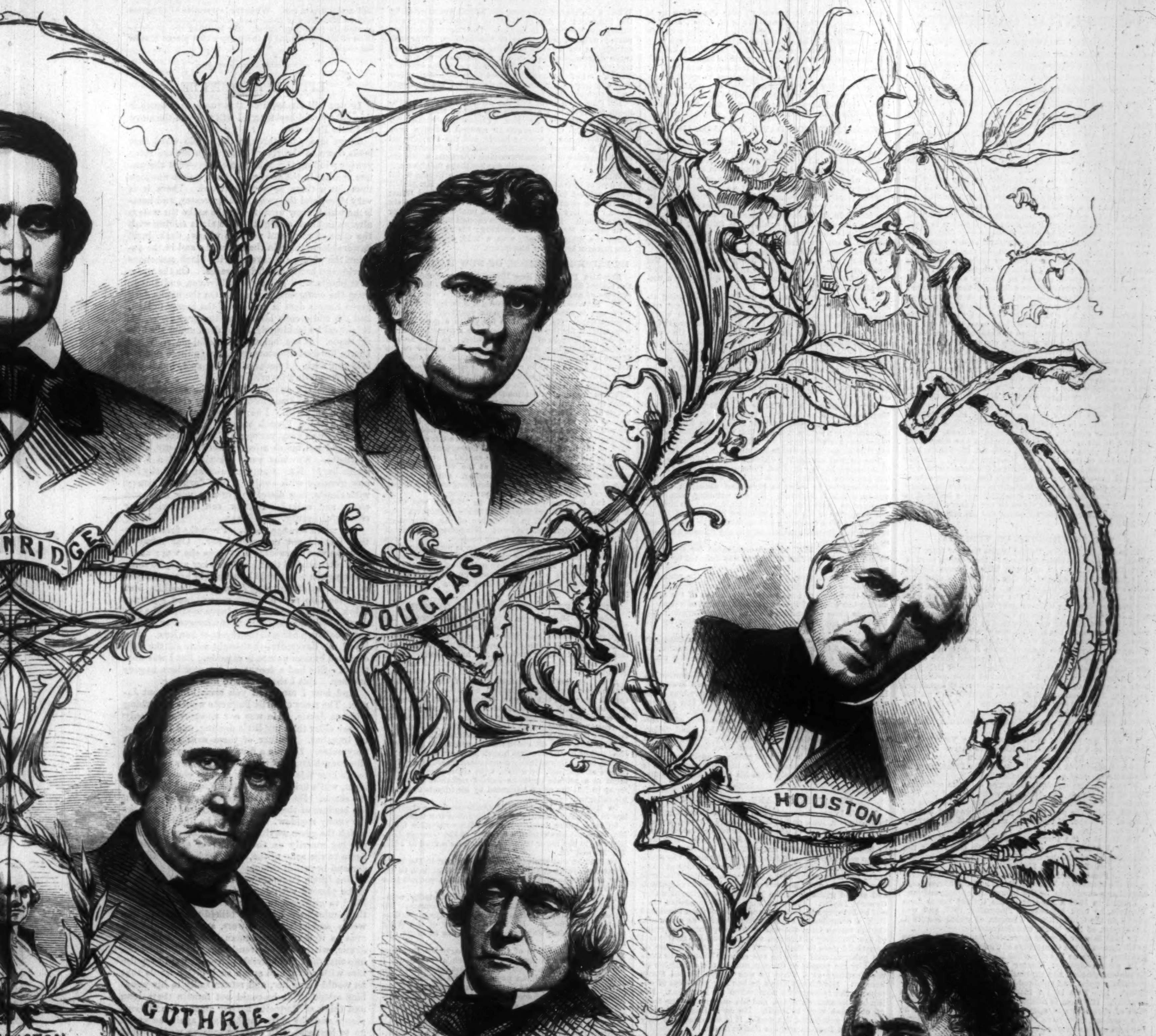
SPAIN.

PEACE WITH MOROCCO.

The official *Gazette* of Madrid publishes the preliminaries of peace agreed upon between Spain and Morocco. Morocco cedes to Spain the whole territory from the sea to the Hollow Road of Anghera, and also a certain portion of territory at Santa Cruz. The convention of 1859, referring to Melilla, Penon, and Albucenas, is ratified. An indemnity of twenty million piastres to be paid to Spain. Tetuan will be kept by Spain until this payment is effected. A treaty of commerce is also to guarantee to Spain the same privileges as to the most favored nation. A representative of Spain and a missionary establishment to be permitted at Fez. The treaty of peace to be signed at Tetuan before the 25th of April. All hostilities to cease. The Spanish army, however, is to be allowed to chastise the Kabyles.

It is asserted that the Court will leave on Tuesday next for Aranjuez. Marshal O'Donnell will return immediately; upon his arrival the Cortes will be convoked.

PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION A



N AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

We publish on the two preceding pages portraits of eleven prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination at Charleston. The biography of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas we publish on page 242. Brief sketches of the other candidates we subjoin:

HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States, was born near Lexington, Kentucky, on 21st January, 1821, and is consequently thirty-nine years of age. His father was an eminent clergyman; his grandfather served a term as United States Senator, and filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States. The family has always been influential and prosperous.

Mr. Breckinridge was educated for the bar, and, after a successful course of study, settled in Iowa. The climate and prospects not suiting him, he returned home, and established himself at Lexington, Kentucky, of which city he is still a resident when not engaged at the federal capital. He had married previous to his return to Kentucky an amiable lady from Georgetown, District of Columbia. Mr. Breckinridge practiced as a lawyer, and obtained a lucrative practice, until, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, he concluded to volunteer, and was elected Major of the 3d Kentucky Regiment of Volunteers. His regiment arrived in Mexico too late to be present at any of the brilliant actions of the campaign; but Mr. Breckinridge was conspicuous in the unhappy strife which subsequently broke out among the general officers—having been chosen by General Pillow as his counsel before the court-martial held upon him. On his return home, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the House of Representatives, after a severe contest with General Leslie Coombs. He was re-elected in 1853, his opponent on this occasion being Governor Letcher. During the angry sessions of the 33d Congress Mr. Breckinridge took an active part as one of the Administration leaders, and was drawn into a quarrel with Mr. Cutting, of New York, which very nearly ended in a duel. Shortly after this affair—in which Mr. Breckinridge's coolness and firmness were highly commended—Mr. Pierce offered him the mission to Spain, but Mr. Breckinridge declined to leave the country, and Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, was appointed in his stead. Mr. Breckinridge was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Buchanan, and was elected to that office in November, 1856. He has discharged the duties of President of the Senate with dignity and impartiality; and, though the youngest person who ever filled the post, is thought to compare favorably with his predecessors. Mr. Breckinridge is believed to be more moderate in his views on the slavery question than many other Southern leaders, and has many friends in the North.

SENATOR HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

Robert M. T. Hunter, United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Essex County, in the eastern part of that State, on the 21st of April, 1809. James Hunter (the father of the subject of this sketch) was elected a member of the State Legislature. He gave his son Robert a liberal education; and the young man, after having graduated at the University of Virginia, studied law with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, of Winchester.

In 1830 Mr. Hunter was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his native county, where, in 1832, he cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He, however, espoused the cause of State Rights, in the attempt made by the Administration to coerce South Carolina, and was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates by the Opposition in 1834. He served three years, and took a high stand as an independent, original legislator, opposing the Administration in its hostility to "nullification" and its exertions to "expunge" a resolution on the records of the Senate; yet sustaining the veto of the United States Bank and the efforts to abolish the "American system" of protective tariffs.

In 1837 Mr. Hunter was elected to the Twenty-fifth Congress as a representative from his native district; and although he acted with those States Rights Whigs who had supported Judge White for the Presidency, he zealously opposed a United States Bank.

When the Twenty-sixth Congress met, the organization of the House was delayed by the first of the four memorable contests for the Speakership which have occurred during the past twenty years: it was not till the 16th of December Mr. Hunter was elected Speaker by three majority.

Re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. Hunter found himself one of the minority combating the measures introduced by the Whigs after their triumphant election of President Harrison.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844 Mr. Hunter advocated the election of James K. Polk, and was himself successful as a candidate for the House of Representatives.

Elected in 1846 a Senator of the United States from Virginia, he took his seat in December, 1847, and was placed on the Committee of Finance, of which Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, was chairman.

In 1849 Senator Hunter succeeded Senator Dickinson as Chairman of the Committee of Finance—a responsible position, which he has since held.

In person Senator Hunter is not a brilliant man. Grave and sincere, the expression of his countenance is peculiarly quiet and subdued—often languid and indifferent. His hair is jet black, and his complexion is swarthy. His form is compact, and there is an intimation of slowness and apathy in his movements. If he has passions, they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of internal fire. His attire is careless; his manners are frank and cordial.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.

General Samuel Houston, of Texas, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on March 2, 1793, and is consequently, at the present time, sixty-seven years of age. At a very early age he lost his father, and with his mother removed to Tennessee, where he received what little education that wild region could then afford. While yet a lad, he entered a country store as clerk; this employment not suiting him, he abandoned it and tried to keep school; but finding this still less to his taste, he left it alone, and enlisted as a soldier. General Jackson was at that time conducting a war against the Creek Indians, and under him young Houston, then twenty years of age, learned his first lessons of war. In the course of four or five years he rose to the rank of lieutenant, and won the esteem of Jackson and his officers. At the close of the war he left the army, and commenced the study of law and the practice of politics. In 1823 he was sent to Congress from Tennessee, and served two terms with credit. In 1827 he was elected Governor of the State. At the close of his gubernatorial term he removed to Arkansas, resolving to live in the way which suited him best—in the backwoods and the forests, and with Indians for companions. Discovering, shortly after his settlement in Arkansas, that the red men were grievously victimized by the Government Indian agents, he undertook their championship, and made several journeys to Washington to plead on their behalf. It is understood that the cunning of the agents was too deep for the frank soldier, and his missions were unsuccessful. It was on his return from one of these that he happened to be present in Texas just at the time that the Texans were beginning to agitate actively for independence. They had chosen a Convention, and invited Houston to a seat. He drew their new Charter, and, war having been shortly afterward declared upon them by Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, volunteered in the war, and became second in command under General Austin. At the death of the latter General Houston assumed sole command of the Texan forces. He prosecuted the war with vigor and ability, and brought it to a successful close by the victory of San Jacinto, in April, 1836, which secured the independence of Texas.

General Houston was the first President of the Texan Republic, and served, subsequently, another term in the same capacity. He was from the first an ardent advocate of annexation to the United States; and when that step was decidedly taken in 1844, he was named one of the United States Senators from Texas. He served in the Senate until last year, when he was elected Governor of the State—an office which he now fills.

General Houston is known all over the Union as a whole-souled, honest patriot. He is no orator, and seldom occupies much time in speeches. In politics he has always acted with the democracy; but his views are very liberal, and he was an opponent of the Nebraska bill and its sequels. He is very eccentric in his manner and habits—a strict vegetarian and teetotaler, and fond of simple rural life. In the Senate he used to spend a portion of each day in "whittling" sticks into quaint forms and toys, which he presented to ladies of his acquaintance. General Houston has many friends who seek to elevate him to the Presidency.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Hon. Jefferson Davis was born in Mississippi about 1806. The father's means enabled the son to receive the best education the country afforded. After the usual course at school, he entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, where he remained until his father obtained for him admission to West Point. It was in 1822 that he entered West Point Academy; he left it, with honor, in 1828, as brevet second lieutenant, and at his own request was placed in active service. The only wars of the time were the frontier affairs against the Indians; in these young Davis distinguished himself in so marked a manner that, when a new regiment of dragoons was formed, he at once obtained a commission as first lieutenant.

In 1835, the United States being at peace with the world, and likely to remain so, Lieutenant Davis grew tired of military life, and settled down quietly on a cotton plantation in Mississippi.

In 1843 he took the stump for Polk; and having attracted no little attention in his State by his vigor and ability, he was sent to Congress at the election which took place in 1845. He had only been a few months at Washington when the Mexican war broke out. He wrote home earnestly urging upon his friends not to allow Mississippi to be behind her sister States in contributing men for the war. The answer was an announcement that a regiment of volunteers had been formed, and that he had been chosen as its colonel. He resigned his post in Congress instantly, and joined the *corps d'armée* under General Taylor.

Very few officers in the army which marched against Mexico achieved so much distinction as Colonel Davis. Space forbids our attempting to follow him throughout the campaign: suffice it to say, that wherever danger was to be encountered or glory won, there Colonel Davis, with his Mississippi rifles, was to be found.

The term of service for which the Mississippians had volunteered having expired, they were disbanded; and the surgeons insisted on the Colonel withdrawing from active service, in order to give that attention to his wound which it deserved. He was not long permitted, however, to nurse himself on his plantation. In the fall the Executive of his State appointed him United States Senator, to fill a vacancy; and as soon as the Legislature met he was elected unanimously to the office for the ensuing six years.

In September, 1851, he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats of his State, but was defeated by about a thousand votes.

On Pierce's election he was chosen to fill the responsible position of Secretary of War. He discharged the duties of that office to the general satisfaction of the army during the whole of President Pierce's term of office.

At the close of President Pierce's administration Mr. Davis was again chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of Mississippi.

Colonel Davis married, some years since, a daughter of General Zachary Taylor. At her death he married a lady whose amiability and tact have made him many friends.

In the North Colonel Davis is regarded—somewhat unjustly, perhaps—as a type of the Southern fire-eater. Many persons who have never seen him fancy him quarrelsome, petulant, hot-headed, turbulent. His appearance in the Senate does not justify these views. A prim, smooth-looking man, with a precise manner, stiff, soldierly carriage, and cold expression; his head fuller, seemingly, of statistics and hard, dry principles than any thing else; his voice cool and firm, without tremor or excitement: he is the last person a spectator would pick out as "the fire-eater." In his own country he is intensely beloved—chiefly from his kind and gentle disposition.

HON. JOSEPH LANE, OF OREGON.

Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was born in North Carolina in December, 1801, and is consequently fifty-eight years of age. At the age of fifteen he removed to Indiana, and became a clerk in a store. In a few years he embarked in business on his own account, and likewise took an active part in politics, serving several terms in the State Legislature, and becoming one of the most efficient leaders of the Democracy in the Northwest. When the Mexican war broke out, Lane was among the first to volunteer, and served gallantly at the head of his regiment under General Taylor. At Buena Vista he distinguished himself by bravery and coolness, and received from President Polk a commission of Brigadier-General as a reward. On his return from the war he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Oregon, and removed his family and household gods to that distant region. At the close of his gubernatorial term he was elected Delegate to Congress by the people of Oregon, and on the admission of the Territory as a State he was chosen United States Senator. His friends think he has fair prospects of obtaining the Democratic nomination for President. His life has been adventurous, and his successes in the teeth of obstacles very brilliant. He is a Democrat with Southern principles, but would, it is supposed, run very strongly in Indiana and the Pacific States.

HON. JAMES GUTHRIE, OF KENTUCKY.

James Guthrie, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, was born in Nelson County, Kentucky, in 1793, and is consequently at the present time sixty-seven years of age. His father, General Adam Guthrie, was one of the early settlers of that State, and was prominent in all the many conflicts which the pioneers of civilization had to wage with the Indians. James Guthrie was educated at Bardstown, and engaged in trade between Louisville and New Orleans, frequently sailing down the river in the flat-bottomed boats which were the common carriers of the time, and returning on horseback or on foot. At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Guthrie resolved to abandon mercantile pursuits, and studied law. As a lawyer he was eminently successful, and had for a long period the best practice in Louisville. He served some terms in the Kentucky Legislature both as Senator and member of Assembly, and was Chairman of the Convention which framed the Kentucky Constitution of 1850. On the election of Mr. Pierce, in 1852, it was deemed advisable to select a member of the Cabinet from the Middle States, and Mr. Guthrie was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. His administration of the public finances was eminently successful. His reports occupy the very highest place in American financial literature. Mr. Guthrie is the first choice of the Kentucky delegation for the nomination for President.

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

Hon. John Slidell is a New Yorker by birth; he was born, in this State, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1793, and went to seek his fortune at New Orleans as soon as he reached man's estate. It is to be presumed that he had received from his family a good—indeed, considering the times, one might say an excellent—education; for, though he arrived at New Orleans "poor, friendless, and alone," he was able to take his place almost immediately at the bar of that city, and to cope with the master intellects which have always adorned the forum of Louisiana. The eminence of his brother (the late Commodore Slidell Mackenzie) in literature will also vouch for the completeness of the education of the two young men.

Mr. Slidell's success as a lawyer was unparalleled even in that city of sudden success, and, after a few years' patient labor, he gradually accumulated a princely fortune. His first public service appears to have been as United States District Attorney at New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by General Jackson. He was frequently sent to the State Legislature of Louisiana; and having vindicated his capacity for public and political business, was chosen one of the Louisiana delegation to Congress. While a member of Congress, Mr. Slidell was selected by the President to act as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico. The circumstances imparted unusual importance to the mission. War was actually on the point of breaking out. After many and futile discussions the Mexican Government refused to receive Mr. Slidell; and after much strenuous exertion on the part of the latter to avert from Mexico the blow that was impending, he finally demanded his passports and returned home.

Mr. Pierce, on assuming the direction of the government, tendered to Mr. Slidell the post of United States minister to Central America. Unfortunately the offer was declined. Our interests in Central America were committed to much weaker hands, and the Presidential term of Mr. Pierce passed away without witnessing the solution of any of the embarrassing questions which are involved in our relations with our Southern neighbors.

When Mr. Soulé vacated his seat in the Senate to fill the post of United States Minister to Madrid, Mr. Slidell was appointed to succeed him for the unexpired term; and at the close of this term he was re-elected for six years. He has been a very quiet, unobtrusive member of the Senate. He is more felt in council than in debate.

In person Mr. Slidell is striking; his figure is stout, about the middle height, with a bold, dignified mien. His features are rather handsome.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, ex-President of the United States, is thought by his friends to have some chances of a re-election to the office he held from 1853 to 1857. He was born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, in 1804, and is consequently fifty-six years of age at the present time. He received in his youth a good education, studied for the bar, and soon won a prominent rank among the lawyers of New Hampshire. In 1833 he was elected to Congress, and, after four years' service in the House of Representatives, became a member of the Senate in 1837. In 1842 he resigned his seat, and repairing to Concord, New Hampshire, devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He rose to a very high position, and was frequently retained as consulting counsel in cases in this and the New England States. On the outbreak of the Mexican War Mr. Pierce volunteered, and was at once appointed Colonel and General of Brigade. He might have had the Secretaryship of War had he been willing to accept it. He landed at Vera Cruz in June, 1847, at the head of 2500 men, and accompanied General Scott in his famous march on the capital, distinguishing himself by his gallant conduct at the various engagements which occurred on the journey. On the conclusion of peace he resigned his commission, returned home, and resumed the practice of his profession.

At the Baltimore Convention, in 1852, he was nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and was triumphantly elected, in November of the same year, over his old chief, General Scott. His career as President is fresh in the memory of all our readers. That he was not popular during his administration is pretty generally admitted; but the basis on which the unpopularity rested is not so clear. As a general rule, he discharged the duties of his office with fairness and honesty; his errors will not weigh heavily against him in the judgment of posterity.

HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was born on the 11th of February, 1812, on his father's plantation at Talliaferro, near Crawfordsville, in Talliaferro [pronounced *Tolliver*] County, Georgia. When in his fourteenth year his father died, and the homestead was sold, his portion of the entire estate being about five hundred dollars.

After the death of his father good friends offered to give young Stephens a classical education, and he accepted their aid, but only on condition that the money advanced should be considered a loan. In nine months he completed his preparatory studies, and entered the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1828. He had little taste for any study except the Latin classics, but applied himself with such diligence that he graduated in 1832 at the head of his class. His health had been seriously impaired, but he immediately commenced teaching a public school at Madison, by which, with subsequent employment as a private tutor, he earned sufficient money to repay in full the sums advanced by his friends to defray his collegiate expenses.

In May, 1834, Mr. Stephens commenced the study of law in his native town, without the aid of any teacher.

In 1836, while dangerously ill with congestive fever, Mr. Stephens was elected a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the lower branch of which he served in 1837, '38, '39, and '40.

In 1842 he was persuaded to accept a seat in the State Senate, where he again distinguished himself both in debate and in the unostentatious but most important task of forwarding the public business.

In 1843 Mr. Stephens was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for Congress, to fill a vacancy. He "took the stump," and, after a most exciting political contest, was elected. He was a member of the Whig party in its palmy days, and his speeches at home carried the State.

Since the dissolution of the Whig party Mr. Stephens has acted in the House with the "Men of the South." He has served prominently on the most important committees, and effected the passage of the Nebraska Bill through the House when even the warmest friends of the measure despaired of accomplishing that end. This parliamentary achievement gave Mr. Stephens a high reputation as a successful "tactitian;" and the Administration was, doubtless, well pleased at his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Territories, and subsequently as chairman of the special committee to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred. Mr. Stephens declined a re-election at the end of his Congressional term, and retired to private life.

Mr. Stephens is most distinguished as an orator, although he certainly does not look like one who can command the attention of the House at any time, on any topic, and so long as he may desire to speak. His health, as we have previously remarked, is very feeble—indeed, he has been, apparently, at death's door since childhood, having been afflicted with four abscesses, and a continued derangement of the liver, which gives him a consumptive appearance, although his lungs are sound. He has never weighed over ninety-six pounds; and to see his attenuated figure bent over his desk—the shoulders contracted, and the shape of his slender limbs visible through his garments—a stranger would never select him as the "John Randolph" of our time, more dreaded as an adversary, and more prized as an ally in debate, than any other man in the national House of Representatives.

HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Hon. James L. Orr is in his thirty-eighth year. He is of Irish extraction. His paternal ancestor emigrated to this country, and settled in Pennsylvania about 1730. James L. Orr was born on the 12th day of May, 1822, at Craytonville, Anderson District, South Carolina. He began his studies when quite young at a country school, from whence he was transferred to an academy at Anderson, and thence to the University of Virginia, where, by constant application, he acquired great proficiency in the higher branches of learning. He left college in 1841, and, in 1842, entered the law-office of Judge Whitner; in 1843, after passing a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of the law at Anderson, and during the first year he also established and edited a newspaper called the *Anderson Gazette*. He was elected, in 1844, when a little more than twenty-two years old, to the Legislature, from the Pendleton District, by a larger vote than any other candidate in the State received. His career in the Legislature was distinguished by usefulness through the exercise of sound sense and good judgment.

In 1848 Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress. His opponent, who took the field some months in advance of him, was a lawyer of great talents and high reputation. They were both Democrats, and the contest resolved itself into one of personal popularity. After an animated and exciting canvass, Mr. Orr was elected by 700 majority. From that time to the end of the last Congress he has continued to hold his seat, being re-elected at the close of each term without opposition.

The Congressional career of Mr. Orr was both a brilliant and a useful one. When the last session of Congress opened Mr. Orr was nominated, without opposition, and elected its presiding officer. He justified the expectations of his friends and of the party which placed him in the chair.

LITTLE PAQUETTE.

If you will sit down on this rustic seat beneath this old twisted beech-tree I will tell you the story of Little Paquette.

There is a path through the maple wood that leads down to the river bank. You see the river yonder winding through the meadow—how the waters sparkle in the sunlight! But it does not look thus down there beyond the wood. There it is very deep, and the yews, and cypresses, and hemlocks which grow upon the banks make the waters always as black as night. The air is stifling with the odor of rank and noxious weeds; dark, lurid flowers bloom there in the summer; and in the autumn the plants are covered with black, poisonous berries and horny and bristly seeds. On the water float plants with great spotted leaves, and among them the water-snakes creep. On the banks dark green lizards dart in and out of the heavy foliage, and the adder coils himself on the gray rocks, his bright colors looking dark and dead under the horrid shade. It is a foul and a dreadful place. When I have finished my story you can go there and see it if you wish. I never visit that spot, but it was Little Paquette's favorite resort.

She was six years old when she came to live with me. She came into my lonely cottage like a gleam of sunlight. I never saw her mother. My son married a French woman. She died when Paquette was very young; and soon after my son died, and left me as a legacy his child—my Little Paquette. She was very beautiful. Can I describe her? No. Can you paint an April sky?—now glowing with sunlight, now dark and heavy with clouds, now dissolving in rain, now blue, and clear, and calm? Neither can I describe her changeful beauty.

She was a strange child. From the first I knew that I could not understand her. Our minister said she was a genius. I suppose she was; and I have often wished that I had sent her away to some great person who would have taught her and trained her in a different way from what I could. But it is too late now for such regrets, and I do not think I could have made her leave me; for she was very self-willed and passionate whenever any thing came between her and the object of her love. She loved me devotedly—I thought with all the love of which human nature is capable. But I was mistaken. She had a deeper, an intenser love to give another. But I shall come to him in time.

And now I must tell you something about Jamie. The story of Little Paquette would be nothing without Jamie. He was our minister's son, only a year older than my little darling, and they grew up together. Neither of them ever chose other playmates. He was a fair, delicate boy, with pensive mouth and dreamy blue eyes. It was strange to see how this dreamy boy always chose the sunlight, while bright, arch Little Paquette best loved the shade. He built that woodbine arbor close on the borders of the maple wood, where it overlooks the sunny meadow. And there he liked to sit and watch the grass waving in the breeze, or the lambs playing merrily on the banks; or else he would listen to the song of the birds, for he loved all tender and beautiful things.

But Little Paquette was not always in the mood to be pleased with Jamie's woodbine arbor. She liked to go down to the river side, and sit under the hemlock-trees, and she talked to the loathsome weeds, and poisonous flowers, and dark-hued lizards as if they were human beings. And when Jamie, with fear and trembling, would follow her into that dark and horrible place, she would repulse him with scorn, and speak such bitter words that he would leave her, and return sadly to his woodbine arbor. But he could not remain there long and think of Paquette sitting among the noxious plants and the water-snakes, and again he would go to her, and with soft, persuasive words would plead with her to leave such companions; and then, perhaps, she would throw her arms around his neck, and call him her dear preserver, and go contentedly back with him to the woodbine arbor, and sit there for hours talking of the happy life they would spend together. For thus early these children had agreed to love each other always, and Paquette would often say that nothing but death could ever part her from Jamie. Alas! poor Little Paquette!

I like to linger over these recollections of her childhood; but I must hasten, or I shall make my story so long that it will weary you. Years passed away, and they seemed but a few months to Jamie and me—so happy were we with Little Paquette.

But the time came when she ceased to be much with us. I believe for a while she ceased to love us. One summer a painter wandered into our pleasant village. I think he would soon have left it had he not seen my darling child. Her wonderful and changeful beauty captivated his fancy. This was not strange, for she fascinated every body. She threw the charm of her genius over every thing she said or did. But she was a wild, eccentric being; one could never account for her moods. One of her fancies I well remember. She used constantly to wear a bright, sharp little dagger in a jeweled sheath. It had been given her in France by a noble Spanish lady, she said, and as it was the only memento she had of her infantile years she would wear it for their sake. I did not like this fancy of hers, but it was vain to resist her when she coaxed and pleaded with so many pretty ways. I could never refuse her any thing.

Still less did I like her fancy for the handsome painter—young Marmaduke. He told her that she was a child of genius—that Jamie could not appreciate her—that Jamie was of too calm and gentle a nature to feel for her that deep, strong passion which, he asserted, glowed like a fire in his

own heart. He drew for her such gorgeous pictures of the life she should enjoy with him in Italy, or some such fair and beautiful land, that her warm imagination was charmed. And then he described the dull, still, passionless life she would pass with our gentle Jamie until she grew pale with dismay at such a future. She used to walk with him day after day on the sunny banks of the river down yonder in the meadow. Far better would it have been for her had she been sitting under the hemlock-trees among the water-snakes and poisonous weeds.

What was Jamie doing all this time? He was away from home studying diligently—writing frequently to Paquette of his progress, and how the thought of her cheered him in his labors. His father intended to leave the ministry and Jamie was to take his place. And as the time for his return drew near how sweet and tender grew his hopes! how full of earnest love were his words! I used to think that if Jamie had remained Paquette would never have loved Marmaduke. But I do not know. There was a sympathy wanting between them, the lack of which she felt, I doubt not. He could never reach to the height of her genius, and I fear she never sounded to the depth of his love.

He came home to find his affections thrown aside; his hopes crushed; but no murmur or complaint ever escaped his lips. He saw that she was happier with Marmaduke than she had ever been with him, and her happiness was dearer to him than his own.

But there came an end to this happiness. I scarcely need tell you how it ended. It is the same old story which has been told over and over again. Marmaduke left us in the winter, saying that in the summer-time he would return and claim Paquette for his bride. What could I do but give my consent; for I knew she loved him most fervently, although I wept when I thought she could not love Jamie. And Marmaduke returned not in the summer; but there came to us tidings of his marriage with some high-born maiden. I looked for some violent sign of grief from Paquette when she was told this, but she gave no such sign. Gradually her eyes lost their sparkling brilliancy; her cheek its roundness and bloom; her step its joyousness.

I dread to tell you why October is the most sorrowful of all the months of the year to me. Many long years have passed since that fearful October night; but can I ever forget it? We were sitting on this very seat—my Little Paquette and I. It was a clear, bright night. The full moon was high in the heavens, and poured its light over all things. Then Paquette spoke to me of her love for Marmaduke, and how cruelly he had deceived her. She spoke so soft and low, and was so very calm! She showed me a letter he had written a short time before, in which he told her that he had never loved her, and that he supposed she had ceased to feel any affection for him, and concluded by hoping she was happy with Jamie. Such a letter to such a girl as Paquette! I wondered at her calmness. He requested an interview with her, in order to exchange the notes and little love-tokens which had passed between them.

"I have written to him," said she, rising, "and I go now to meet him on the river bank, under the hemlock-trees."

She still spoke soft and low, and was so very calm!

She left me, and went into that woodbine arbor, and out of it into the maple wood, and down that winding path to the river side. I noticed how heavily and crushingly her feet pressed upon the withered leaves, and how different it was from her usual light, airy tread. I watched her as she went through the maple wood, her white dress flitting among the trees. The golden and crimson leaves were scattered over her like gems. I saw her clothed in the glory of the moonlight, and then she disappeared amidst the black shadows.

So absorbed was I in thinking of my darling that I took no note of time. It may have been an hour or more after she left me that I was aroused from my reverie by Jamie. He seized my arm, and demanded of me where Paquette had gone. I could not answer him, for I was horror-stricken at his wild look and haggard face. He almost dragged me through the maple wood down to the river. I involuntarily close my eyes now when I think of the sight which met my view. Marmaduke lay stretched upon the ground—dead. The grass around him was stiff and purple with the dark blood which had flowed from a wound in his side. His face was white and wan. A branch of the deadly nightshade hung over him, and the dew was dripping slowly from the flowers upon his cheek. His right hand was tightly clenched around a slender sapling of the water-hemlock. Dark-hued lizards were looking curiously into his staring, sightless eyes. A huge adder was slowly trailing over the prostrate body, and water-snakes were gliding swiftly among the mushrooms which lined the river bank, and gave to the place the dead odor of a charnel-house. The shadows lay heavy and black over all.

But where was Paquette? Jamie drew a little dagger out of the heart of the dead man, and picked up a jeweled sheath, which lay among the poisonous weeds.

"Hide them!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "Let nothing witness against her!"

And then he fled from the spot like one pursued by a demon. I dropped the bloody dagger and its bright sheath into the dark waters.

But where was Little Paquette? Where was the beautiful maiden I had but lately seen crowned with golden and crimson leaves, and clothed in the glory of the moonlight?

That question has never yet been answered. God only knows where the Little Paquette spent that fearful night. God only knows what misery and remorse she suffered through weary years. God only knows the agony of her bitter after-life.

But Jamie said she would return to us. Weeks and months and years rolled away, and she came not, nor did we hear aught of her. But still Jamie said she would return; and with a sweet, patient hope, and a love that outlived time and sorrow, and rose above sin and despair, he sat every summer evening in the woodbine arbor to await her coming. And close beside it he built a small cottage, and every winter night you could see the light gleaming from the casement, and streaming far into the maple wood. And thus for years he watched and waited.

I used often to come to this seat under the beech-tree, and I never failed to be here on every anniversary of that awful October night when I had last seen my Little Paquette; and once, as I sat here, with the full moon high in the heavens above me, watching the yellow and crimson leaves as they fell from the trees, and thinking of that night, years before, when I had lost my darling, I heard the same heavy, crushing footstep upon the withered leaves, and then I knew she had come back. I looked eagerly to see her come out from among the shadows and the darkness. She came slowly into the maple wood. The trees threw down upon her their golden and crimson leaves. The moonlight gleamed upon her like a glory, but her long hair was unbound, and it floated around her—a heavy shadow between her and the moonlight.

I did not go forward to meet her. There was one then waiting in the woodbine arbor whose right it was first to welcome the wanderer home.

When I entered the arbor I found Jamie seated on the mossy floor holding her in his arms. Her eyes were closed. Her face was very thin and pale, but on it was such an expression of sweet peace and holy love as I had never hoped to see there again. I took her hand, but it was cold as marble. I thought she was dead, and I thanked God that I had been permitted once more to look upon my Little Paquette.

But she did not die then. It was not until months afterward that Jamie and I laid her in the grave. God was very good to send us back our darling. She was gentle and loving to Jamie and me, especially to Jamie; and we both knew that she was better, and holier, and purer than when she left us—better, and holier, and purer than she had been in her happy childhood—and with this knowledge we were content. She told us not what she had done and suffered in the years she had been away. Not for worlds would I lift the vail from those pictures of sin, and want, and despair!

And holily and calmly she died, and peacefully she sleeps, and by her side lies Jamie; and there in that woodbine arbor you will find their grave.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO MEET.

WE give on the following page a view of the building of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Democratic Convention is to meet on 23d, and a partial view of the Circular Church (Presbyterian, formerly Congregational), which stands beside it.

The South Carolina Institute was designed for the promotion of the mechanical and agricultural arts in South Carolina. City and State have equally (we believe) appropriated money to its objects. The building of the Institute, as here shown us, is a structure of the Italian style. It fronts on Meeting Street, with a façade of eighty feet. The entrance is through a lofty archway, with staircases on either hand, leading to the great hall above. This spacious apartment will seat three thousand persons. The Roman-Corinthian portico shown in our picture, next the Hall of the Institute, is that of the Circular Church.

A BURNING SHIP.

WE engrave on the following page a picture of the ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, which was burned in New York Bay on the evening of Wednesday last. She was outward bound at the time. The following account of the disaster we condense from the *Daily Times:*

"The fire originated in the between decks, aft, and was caused by the upsetting of a lamp. The carpenter had gone below, in company with a boy, for the purpose of procuring stores for the steerage passengers, eighteen in number, and while thus engaged the boy let the lamp fall; it broke, and set fire to the cotton stowed near by, and in a few minutes the smoke was so dense as to defy the exertions of the men sent below to extinguish the flames.

"The Harbor Police steamboat *Magnolia*, with a squad of fifteen men on board, being near at hand, drawing shad-poles, immediately repaired to the ship and removed the crew and passengers, nearly all the cabin furniture, ship's sails, some rigging, captain's sextants and other instruments.

"The crews of Brazilian corvette *Donna Isabel* and of the United States revenue cutter *M'Lane* were early on board, and in a very short time cut adrift and sent down the sails of the burning vessel, which were brought ashore by the police-boat.

"The steam-tugs *Mercury* and *Samson* and the steam ferry-boat *Bedford*, all of which have the Worthington pumps on board, were soon alongside, and numerous streams of water were thrown into the ship. The anchors of the burning vessel having been slipped she was towed ashore, between Bedlow's and Gibbet Island, where she grounded head to the wind. This circumstance caused the fire to work forward slowly. In spite of every exertion the fire gained headway, and at 7½ P.M. the mizzen-mast fell over the stern; and at 10½ P.M. the fire had so increased that the mainmast went by the board, and the foremast fell soon afterward. At 12 o'clock the whole interior of the ship was a mass of fire, and all hopes of saving her hull had been abandoned.

"The vessel was scuttled where there is but sixteen feet of water at low tide. This was done at the request of one of the owners; but it proved a fatal mistake, as, had she been sunk at the point where she lay when the fire broke out, doubtless her hull would have been saved."

Vessel and cargo are estimated at $235,000: supposed to be insured in Europe.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

* * * * * * *

July 6th.—Eight o'clock. The sun is shining in a clear sky. I have not been near my bed—I have not once closed my weary, wakeful eyes. From the same window at which I looked out into the darkness of last night I look out now at the bright stillness of the morning.

I count the hours that have passed since I escaped to the shelter of this room by my own sensations—and those hours seem like weeks.

How short a time—and yet how long to *me*—since I sank down in the darkness here, on the floor, drenched to the skin, cramped in every limb, cold to the bones—a useless, helpless, panic-stricken creature.

I hardly know when I roused myself. I hardly know when I groped my way back to the bedroom, and lighted the candle, and searched (with a strange ignorance at first of where to look for them) for dry clothes to warm me. The doing of these things is in my mind, but not the time when they were done.

Can I even remember when the chilled, cramped feeling left me, and the throbbing heat came in its place?

Surely it was before the sun rose? Yes; I heard the clock strike three. I remember the time by the sudden brightness and clearness, the feverish strain and excitement of all my faculties which came with it. I remember my resolution to control myself, to wait patiently, hour after hour, till the chance offered of removing Laura from this horrible place, without the danger of immediate discovery and pursuit. I remember the persuasion settling itself in my mind that the words those two men had said to each other would furnish us, not only with our justification for leaving the house, but with our weapons of defense against them as well. I recall the impulse that awakened in me to preserve those words in writing exactly as they were spoken, while the time was my own, and while my memory vividly retained them. All this I remember plainly: there is no confusion in my head yet. The coming in here, from the bedroom, with my pen and ink and paper, before sunrise—the sitting down at the widely-opened window to get all the air I could to cool me—the ceaseless writing, faster and faster, hotter and hotter, driving on, more and more wakefully, all through the dreadful interval before the house was astir again—how clearly I recall it, from the beginning by candle-light to the end on the page before this in the sunshine of the new day!

Why do I sit here still? Why do I weary my hot eyes and my burning head by writing more? Why not lie down and rest myself, and try to quench the fever that consumes me in sleep?

I dare not attempt it. A fear beyond all other fears has got possession of me. I am afraid of this heat that parches my skin. I am afraid of the creeping and throbbing that I feel in my head. If I lie down now, how do I know that I may have the sense and the strength to rise again?

Oh, the rain, the rain—the cruel rain that chilled me last night!

* * * * * * *

Nine o'clock. Was it nine struck, or eight? Nine, surely? I am shivering again—shivering, from head to foot, in the summer air. Have I been sitting here asleep? I don't know what I have been doing.

Oh, my God! am I going to be ill?

Ill at such a time as this! No, no; not ill. Only cold. So cold, so cold!

My head—I am sadly afraid of my head. I can write, but the lines all run together. I see the words. Laura—I can write Laura, and see I write it. Eight or nine—which was it?

So cold, so cold—oh, that rain last night!—and the strokes of the clock, the strokes I can't count, keep striking in my head—

* * * * * * *

NOTE.

[At this place the entry in the Diary ceases to be legible. The two or three lines which follow contain fragments of words only, mingled with blots and scratches of the pen. The last marks on the paper bear some resemblance to the first two letters (L. and A.) of the name of Lady Glyde.

On the next page of the Diary another entry appears. It is in a man's handwriting, large, bold, and firmly regular; and the date is "July the 13th." It contains these lines:]

[POSTSCRIPT BY A SINCERE FRIEND.]

The illness of our excellent Miss Halcombe has afforded me the opportunity of enjoying an unexpected intellectual pleasure.

I refer to the perusal (which I have just completed) of this interesting Diary.

There are many hundred pages here. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare that every page has charmed, refreshed, delighted me.

To a man of my sentiments it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say this.

Admirable woman!

I refer to Miss Halcombe.

Stupendous effort!

I refer to the Diary.

Yes! these pages are amazing. The tact which I find here, the discretion, the rare courage, the wonderful power of memory, the accurate observation of character, the easy grace of style, the charming outbursts of womanly feeling, have all inexpressibly increased my admiration of this sublime creature, of this magnificent Marian. The presentation of my own character is masterly in the extreme. I certify, with my whole heart, to the fidelity of the portrait. I feel how vivid an impression I must have produced to have been painted in such strong, such rich, such massive colors as these. I lament afresh the cruel necessity which sets our interests at variance, and opposes us to each other. Under happier circumstances how worthy I should have been of Miss Halcombe—how worthy Miss Halcombe would have been of ME!

The sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express a Profound Truth.

Those sentiments exalt me above all merely personal considerations. I bear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the stratagem by which this unparalleled woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself. Also to the marvelous accuracy of her report of the whole conversation from its beginning to its end.

Those sentiments have induced me to offer to the unimpressionable doctor who attends on her my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous experience of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have placed at the disposal of mankind. He has hitherto declined to avail himself of my assistance. Miserable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, paternal lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the writer's table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives of success unroll themselves before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is terrible to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my own. I deposit it, with respectful tenderness, at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I breathe my wishes for her recovery.

I condole with her on the inevitable failure of every plan that she has formed for her sister's benefit. At the same time, I entreat her to believe that the information which I have derived from her diary will in no respect help me to contribute to that failure. It simply confirms the plan of conduct which I had previously arranged. I have to thank these pages for awakening the finest sensibilities in my nature—nothing more.

To a person of similar sensibility this simple assertion will explain and excuse every thing.

Miss Halcombe is a person of similar sensibility. In that persuasion, I sign myself,

FOSCO.

* *

THE NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK FAIRLIE, ESQ., OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE.*

IT is the grand misfortune of my life that nobody will let me alone. Why—I ask every body—why worry me? Nobody answers that question; and nobody lets me alone. Relatives, friends, and strangers all combine to annoy me. What have I done? I ask myself, I ask my servant, Louis, fifty times a day—what have I done? Neither of us can tell. Most extraordinary!

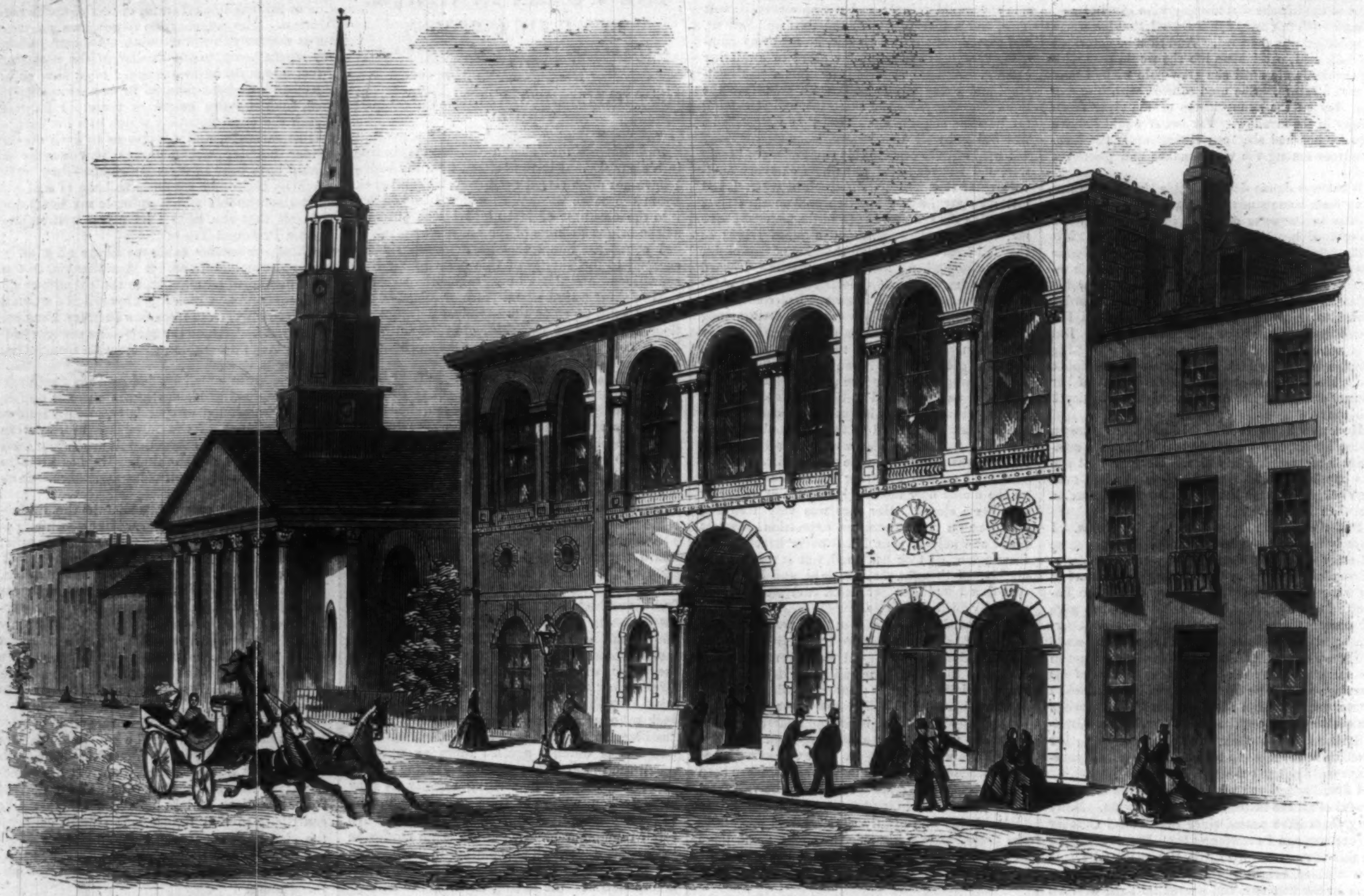
The last annoyance that has assailed me is the annoyance of being called upon to write this Narrative. Is a man in my state of nervous wretchedness capable of writing narratives? When I put this extremely reasonable objection I am told that certain very serious events relating to my niece have happened within my experience, and that I am the fit person to describe them on that account. I am threatened, if I fail to exert myself in the manner required, with consequences which I can not so much as think of without perfect prostration. There is really no need to threaten me. Shattered by my miserable health and my family troubles, I am incapable of resistance. If you insist, you take your unjust advantage of me, and I give way immediately. I will endeavor to remember what I can (under protest), and to write what I can (also under protest); and what I can't remember and can't write Louis must remember and write for me. He is an ass, and I am an invalid; and we are likely to make all sorts of mistakes between us. How humiliating!

I am told to remember dates. Good Heavens! I never did such a thing in my life—how am I to begin now?

I have asked Louis. He is not quite such an ass as I have hitherto supposed. He remembers the date of the event within a day or two—and I remember the name of the person. The date was either the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July; and the name (in my opinion a remarkably vulgar one) was Fanny.

On the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July I was reclining, in my usual state, surrounded by the various objects of Art which I have collected about me to improve the taste of the barbarous people in my neighborhood. That is to say, I had the photographs of my pictures, and prints, and coins, and so forth, all about me, which I intend, one of these days, to present (the photographs, I mean, if the clumsy English language will let me mean any thing)—to present to the Institute at Carlisle (horrid place!), with a view to improving the tastes of the Members (Goths and Vandals to a man). It might be supposed that a gentleman who was in course of conferring a great national benefit on his countrymen was the last gentleman in the world to be unfeelingly worried about private difficulties and family affairs. Quite a mistake, I assure you, in my case.

* The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other Narratives that are shortly to follow it, were originally obtained, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear at a later period of the Story.

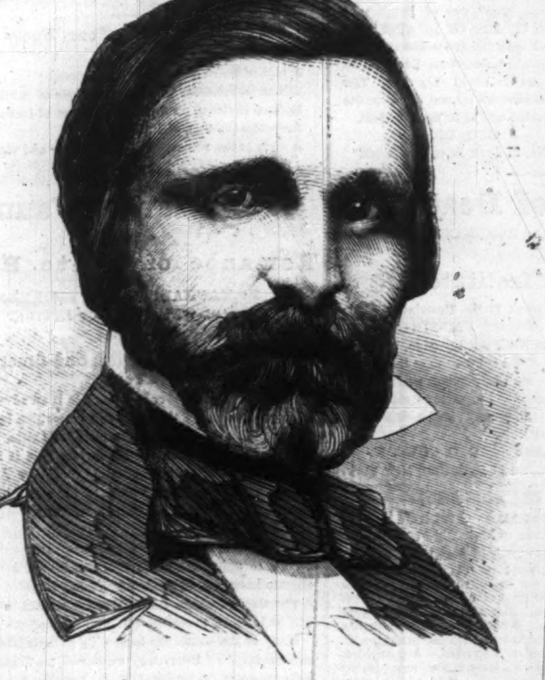


THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WILL MEET.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

However, there I was, reclining, with my art-treasures about me, and wanting a quiet morning. Because I wanted a quiet morning, of course Louis came in. It was perfectly natural that I should inquire what the deuce he meant by making his appearance when I had not rung my bell. I seldom swear—it is such an ungentlemanlike habit—but when Louis answered by a grin, I think it was also perfectly natural that I should damn him for grinning. At any rate I did.

This rigorous mode of treatment, I have observed, invariably brings persons in the lower class of life to their senses. It brought Louis to *his* senses. He was so obliging as to leave off grinning, and inform me that a Young Per-

THE SHIP "JACOB A. WESTERVELT" ON FIRE IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



HON. JOHN F. POTTER, OF WISCONSIN.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

son was outside wanting to see me. He added (with the odious talkativeness of servants) that her name was Fanny.

"Who is Fanny?"

"Lady Glyde's maid, Sir."

"What does Lady Glyde's maid want with *me?*"

"A letter, Sir—"

"Take it."

"She refuses to give it to any body but you, Sir."

"Who sends the letter?"

"Miss Halcombe, Sir."

The moment I heard Miss Halcombe's name I gave up. It is a habit of mine always to give up to Miss Halcombe. I find, by experience, that it saves noise. I gave up on this occasion. Dear Marian!

"Let Lady Glyde's maid come in, Louis. Stop! Do her shoes creak?"

I was obliged to ask the question. Creaking shoes invariably upset me for the day. I was resigned to see the Young Person, but I was *not* resigned to let the Young Person's shoes upset me. There is a limit even to my endurance.

Louis affirmed distinctly that her shoes were to be depended upon. I waved my hand. He introduced her. Is it necessary to say that she expressed her sense of embarrassment by shutting up her mouth and breathing through her nose? To the student of female human nature in the lower orders, surely not.

Let me do the girl justice. Her shoes did *not* creak. But why do Young Persons in service all perspire at the hands? Why have they all got fat noses and hard cheeks? And why are their faces so sadly unfinished, especially about the corners of the eyelids? I am not strong enough to think deeply myself on any subject, but I appeal to professional men who are. Why have we no variety in our breed of Young Persons?

"You have a letter for me from Miss Halcombe? Put it down on the table, please, and don't upset any thing. How is Miss Halcombe?"

"Very well, thank you, Sir."

"And Lady Glyde?"

I received no answer. The Young Person's face became more unfinished than ever, and I think she began to cry. I certainly saw something moist about her eyes. Tears or perspiration? Louis (whom I have just consulted) is inclined to think tears. He is in her class of life, and he ought to know best. Let us say tears.

Except when the refining process of Art judiciously removes from them all resemblance to Nature, I distinctly object to tears. Tears are scientifically described as a Secretion. I can understand that a secretion may be healthy or unhealthy, but I can not see the interest of a secretion from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps, my own secretions being all wrong together, I am a little prejudiced on the subject. No matter. I behaved on this occasion with all possible propriety and feeling. I closed my eyes, and said to Louis,

"Endeavor to ascertain what she means."

Louis endeavored, and the Young Person endeavored. They succeeded in confusing each other to such an extent that, I am bound in common gratitude to say, they really amused me. I think I shall send for them again when I am in low spirits. I have just mentioned this idea to Louis. Strange to say, it seems to make him uncomfortable. Poor devil!

Surely I am not expected to repeat my niece's maid's explanation of her tears, interpreted in the English of my Swiss valet? The thing is manifestly impossible. I can give my own impressions and feelings perhaps. Will that do as well? Please say, Yes.

My idea is that she began by telling me (through Louis) that her master had dismissed her from her mistress's service. (Observe, throughout, the strange irrelevancy of the Young Person. Was it my fault that she had lost her place?) On her dismissal she had gone to the inn to sleep. (*I* don't keep the inn; why mention it to *me?*) Between six o'clock and seven Miss Halcombe had come to say good-by, and had given her two letters: one for me and one for a gentleman in London. (*I* am not a gentleman in London—hang the gentleman in London!) She had carefully put the two letters into her bosom (what have I to do with her bosom?); she had been very unhappy when Miss Halcombe had gone away again; she had not had the heart to put bit or drop between her lips till it was near bedtime; and then, when it was close on nine o'clock, she had thought she should like a cup of tea. (Am I responsible for any of these vulgar fluctuations, which begin with unhappiness and end with tea?) Just as she was *warming the pot* (I give the words on the authority of Louis, who says he knows what they mean, and wishes to explain; but I snub him on principle)—just as she was warming the pot the door opened, and she was *struck of a heap* (her own words again, and perfectly unintelligible this time to Louis as well as to myself) by the appearance in the inn parlor of her ladyship, the Countess. I give my niece's maid's description of my sister's title with a sense of the highest relish. My poor dear sister is a tiresome woman who married a foreigner. To resume: the door opened, her ladyship, the Countess, appeared in the parlor, and the Young Person was struck of a heap. Most remarkable!

I must really rest a little before I can get on any farther. When I have reclined for a few minutes, with my eyes closed, and when Louis has refreshed my poor aching temples with a little eau de Cologne, I may be able to proceed.

Her ladyship, the Countess—

No. I am able to proceed, but not to sit up. I will recline, and dictate. Louis has a horrid accent, but he knows the language and can write. How very convenient!

Her ladyship, the Countess, explained her unexpected appearance at the inn by telling Fanny that she had come to bring one or two little messages which Miss Halcombe in her hurry had forgotten. The Young Person thereupon waited anxiously to hear what the messages were; but the Countess seemed disinclined to mention them (so like my sister's tiresome way!) until Fanny had had her tea. Her ladyship was surprisingly kind and thoughtful about it (extremely unlike my sister), and said, "I am sure, my poor girl, you must want your tea. We can let the messages wait till afterward. Come, come, if nothing else will put you at your ease, I'll make the tea and have a cup with you." I think those were the words, as reported excitably in my presence by the Young Person. At any rate, the Countess insisted on making the tea, and carried her ridiculous ostentation of humility so far as to take one cup herself and to insist on the girl's taking the other. The girl drank the tea, and, according to her own account, solemnized the extraordinary occasion five minutes afterward by fainting dead away for the first time in her life. Here, again, I use her own words. Louis thinks they were accompanied by an increased secretion of tears. I can't say myself. The effort of listening being quite as much as I could manage, my eyes were closed.

Where did I leave off? Ah, yes, she fainted after drinking a cup of tea with the Countess; a proceeding which might have interested me if I had been her medical man, but being nothing of the sort, I felt bored by hearing of it, nothing more. When she came to herself, in half an hour's time, she was on the sofa, and nobody was with her but the landlady. The Countess, finding it too late to remain any longer at the inn, had gone away as soon as the girl showed signs of recovering, and the landlady had been good enough to help her up stairs to bed. Left by herself, she had felt in her bosom (I regret the necessity of referring to this part of the subject a second time), and had found the two letters there quite safe but very much crumpled. She had been giddy in the night, but had got up well enough to travel in the morning. She had put the letter addressed to that obtrusive stranger, the gentleman in London, into the post, and had now delivered the other letter into my hands, as she was told. This was the plain truth; and though she could not blame herself for any intentional neglect, she was sadly troubled in her mind and sadly in want of a word of advice. At this point Louis thinks the secretions appeared again. Perhaps they did; but it is of infinitely greater importance to mention that, at this point also, I lost my patience, opened my eyes, and interfered.

"What is the purport of all this?" I inquired.

My niece's irrelevant maid stared, and stood speechless.

"Endeavor to explain," I said to my servant. "Translate me, Louis."

Louis endeavored, and translated. In other words, he descended immediately into a bottomless pit of confusion, and the Young Person followed him down. I really don't know when I have been so amused. I left them at the bottom of the pit as long as they diverted me. When they ceased to divert me, I exerted my intelligence and pulled them up again.

"OH, MY GOD! AM I GOING TO BE ILL?"

It is unnecessary to say that my interference enabled me, in due course of time, to ascertain the purport of the Young Person's remarks. I discovered that she was uneasy in her mind, because the train of events that she had just described to me had prevented her from receiving those supplementary messages which Miss Halcombe had intrusted to the Countess to deliver. She was afraid the messages might have been of great importance to her mistress's interests. Her dread of Sir Percival had deterred her from going to Blackwater Park late at night to inquire about them; and Miss Halcombe's own directions to her, on no account to miss the train in the morning, had prevented her from waiting at the inn the next day. She was most anxious that the misfortune of her fainting-fit should not lead to the second misfortune of making her mistress think her neglectful, and she would humbly beg to ask me whether I would advise her to write her explanations and excuses to Miss Halcombe, requesting to receive the messages by letter, if it was not too late. I made no apologies for this extremely prosy paragraph. I have been ordered to write it. There are people, unaccountable as it may appear, who actually take more interest in what my niece's maid said to me on this occasion than in what I said to my niece's maid. Amusing perversity!

"I should feel very much obliged to you, Sir, if you would kindly tell me what I had better do," remarked the Young Person.

"Let things stop as they are," I said, adapting my language to my listener. "*I* invariably let things stop as they are. Yes. Is that all?"

"If you think it would be a liberty in me, Sir, to write, of course I wouldn't venture to do so. But I am so very anxious to do all I can to serve my mistress faithfully—"

People in the lower class of life never know when or how to go out of a room. They invariably require to be helped out by their betters. I thought it high time to help the Young Person out. I did it with two judicious words: "Good morning!"

Something outside or inside this singular girl suddenly creaked; Louis, who was looking at her (which I was not), says she creaked when she courtesied. Curious. Was it her shoes, her stays, or her bones? Louis thinks it was her stays. Most extraordinary!

As soon as I was left by myself I had a little nap—I really wanted it. When I awoke again I noticed dear Marian's letter. If I had had the least idea of what it contained I should certainly not have attempted to open it. Being, unfortunately for myself, quite innocent of all suspicion, I read the letter. It immediately upset me for the day.

I am by nature one of the most easy-tempered creatures that ever lived—I make allowances for every body, and I take offense at nothing. But, as I have before remarked, there are limits to my endurance. I laid down Marian's letter, and felt myself—justly felt myself—an injured man.

I am about to make a remark. It is, of course, applicable to the very serious matter now under notice, or I should not allow it to appear in this place.

Nothing, in my opinion, sets the odious selfishness of mankind in such a repulsively vivid light as the treatment, in all classes of society, which the Single people receive at the hands of the Married people. When you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already overcrowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar consideration and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them. Take my own case. I considerately remain single, and my poor dear brother Philip inconsiderately marries. What does he do when he dies? He leaves his daughter to *me*. She is a sweet girl. She is also a dreadful responsibility. Why lay her on my shoulders? Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connections of all their own troubles. I do my best with my brother's responsibility; I marry my niece, with infinite fuss and difficulty, to the man her father wanted her to marry. She and her husband disagree, and unpleasant consequences follow. What does she do with those consequences? She transfers them to *me*. Why transfer them to *me?* Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connections of all their own troubles. Poor single people! Poor human nature!

It is quite unnecessary to say that Marian's letter threatened me. Every body threatens me. All sorts of horrors were to fall on my devoted head if I hesitated to turn Limmeridge House into an asylum for my niece and her misfortunes. I did hesitate, nevertheless.

RECOGNITION.

COULD we believe when life is o'er,
When turns to dust this weary head,
When these cold lips shall speak no more,
Sunk to the silence of the dead;
That in that starry world beyond,
Unclouded by one human care,
No well-known form shall bless our gaze,
No loved or lost one linger there:

Oh, if in ours these longing eyes
No more shall look with tender gaze,
No circling arms, no sweet caress,
E'er bless us as in other days;
Say what a glorious cheat would be
This gift of life beyond the tomb,
If with us all our loves and hopes
Sink in its silence and its gloom!

C. C. COX.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Fair Excuse.—Our fair cousin Fanny (we dare not give her surname) says she really *is* surprised at the *ridiculous* complaints which men keep making about Crinoline; for of course they *must* admit that the widest of wide petticoats cover but *two feet!*

Very evident.—A discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing *like* it, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

A TRAP TO CATCH LANDLADIES.

Landlady. "I beg to tell you, Sir, that you are out of gin (*produces empty bottle*)."

Tenant. "Impossible; but stop, I'll see. (*Goes into bedroom, and returns with a full bottle.*) I thought you were wrong. I must tell you that I got these two bottles at the same time. The bottle you hold in your hand I put in the cupboard for your special consumption—the bottle I have here I kept under lock and key in the other room for my own private use. The truth is, you drink much faster than I do. Where your bottle is empty, you see that mine is scarcely touched. You must excuse me, it is not *I* that am out of gin, but rather yourself."

[*The Landlady is most virtuously indignant, but evidently guilty.*]

"Done to Rags."—Austrian finance.

The Cloak of Religion.—A Cardinal.

A Triple Hatful of Money.—His Holiness the Pope appears to be making a good thing out of the tribulation with which his paternal heart has been afflicted. In a letter written to Mr. Cullen, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, the Holy Father says, "It is our wish that you should return in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks to your faithful clergy and people for the third sum of £1000 which they have offered to me through you." The successor of St. Peter may lose Peter's patrimony; but the loss appears likely to be more than made up to him in Peter's pence.

Uncommonly Nice.—The standing dish at the Tuileries' dinners just now is *Gâteau de Savoie*.

A Hostile Truth.—You know the number of friends a man once had by the number of enemies he now possesses.

Only what might be Expected.—The adhesion of Savoy to France is the work of venal Savoyard *organs*.

The Art of Conversation.—A remark, apparently neat, but upon examination exceedingly hollow, was recently made by a misogynist. He said, Men talk, but with women it is the converse.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A Question for Philologists.—Philosophers are raising the impertinent demand whether the *utter*-most parts of the Earth are inhabited solely by women?

Wonderful Metamorphosis.—A teetotaler was seen, a day or two ago, to *turn into* a public-house!

A preternaturally brilliant thing was said upon the stage of the Adelphi Theatre, the other day, at rehearsal. The morning was extremely wet. Mr. Paul Bedford was on the stage, when enter to him Mr. Toole. Both abused the weather, for both had been caught in a shower. "I am wet," observed Mr. Toole. "But I am wetter," said Mr. Bedford, "and as my part's over I shall retire and dry." "Yes," said a witty author (*not* translating), "'Superfluous lags the wetter 'un on the stage.'"

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